



it

IT:126 March 24, 1972 15p

rock lib

It ain't just
stealin' the money
says the Oblivion Kid

maudling

Home Secretary's US fraud

vampires

In myth and legend
by Joy Farren

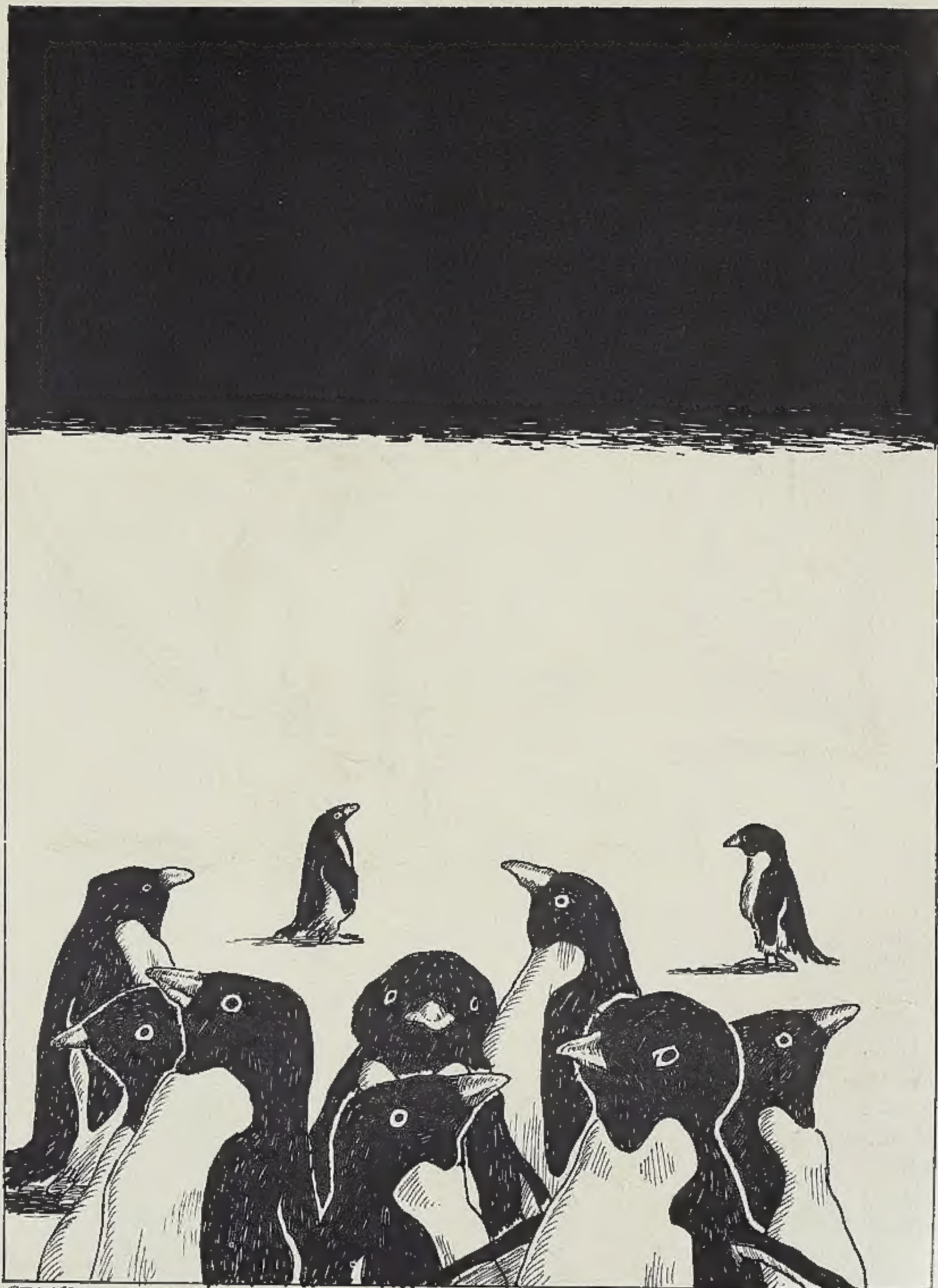
ecology

The Irish Sea is dying

dylan

Final part of the
Bob Dylan Story



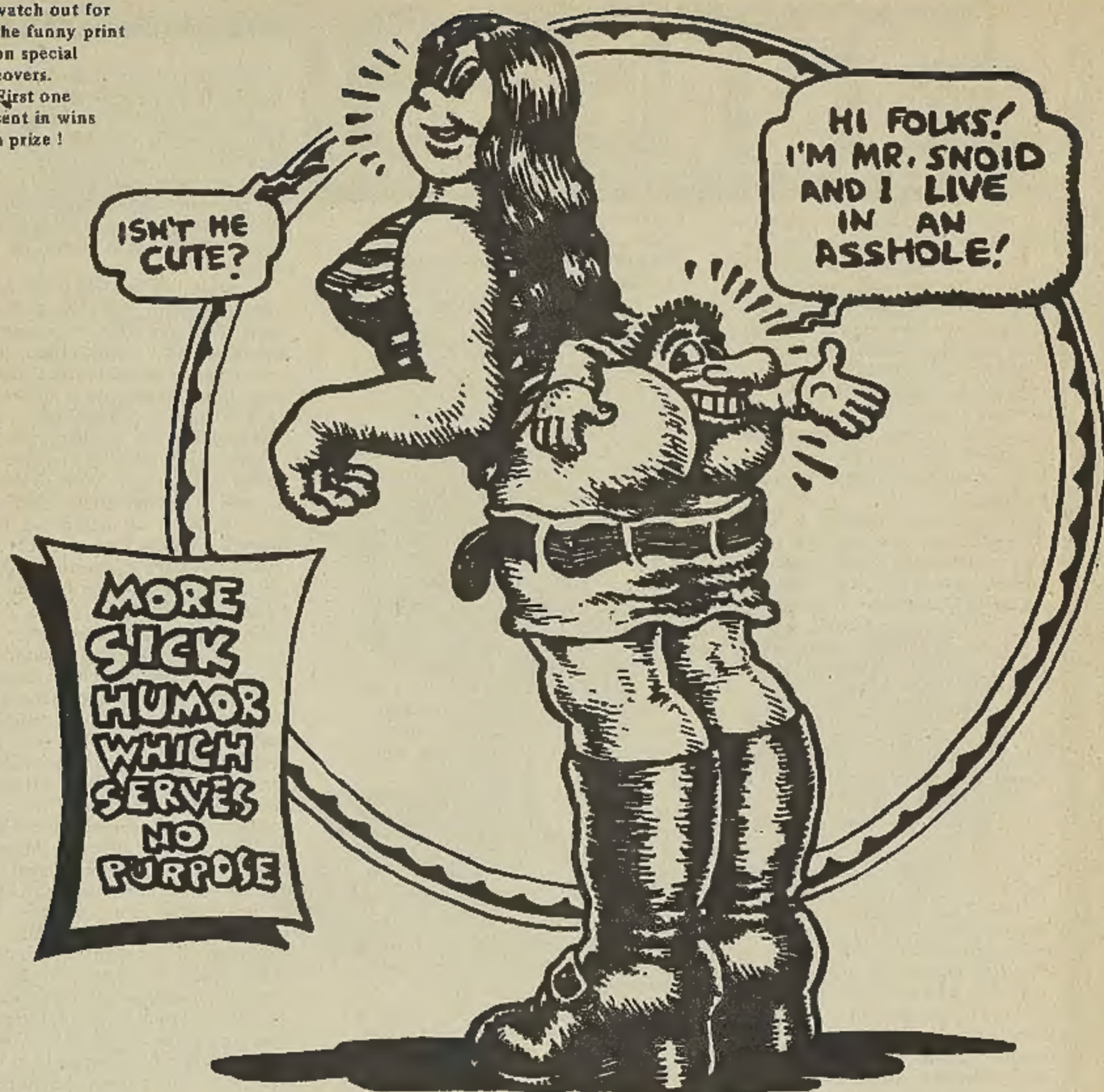


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Penguins standing around after learning of the death of Amy Johnson.

watch out for
the funny print
on special
covers.

First one
sent in wins
a prize!



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LETTERS

Dear IT:

I felt I had to write just to let you know you've pleased at least one person. I bought your bigger colour IT today and was astounded to find it most enjoyable, easy to read, and most informative in many ways.

I've got a lot of OZs but (to me anyway) I always found too much of the so called 'today' language, including words like 'pig' ripoff' etc. I don't dig fancy talk—or people with grudges.

I dig your paper because, at least so far, it doesn't talk crap or preach. It's a very pleasant amusing and informative mag for people who care and have a little imagination. I hope that as you get more bread your mag improves but not in the direction that OZ improved—as that 'improved' it got worse!

That's all I'm writing because I'm getting cramp. Everything is good. Keep it up and yours is the kind of paper I'd be proud to work in.

Yours, Mac 'n Hay (wife)
129 Ledbury Road, W11

Dear IT:

Haven't got much time to spare right now otherwise I'd make plenty complaints about your revoltingly 'straight' looking new improved (!) (that's not a take-off joke any more is it? sad to say) glossy IT. (Bob Dylan on the front cover? Well, I suppose it draws in the bread from the middle-class pseudo-freaks. Note my sarcasm), but I would just like to say (!)—for fuck's sake bring back that beautifully stoned chick on the old front cover, you-ballshitting pseudo-freaks.

Love and warmth,
Alan Curtis
13 Hoover House, Beckenham Hill
Road, London SE6

Friends:

Your news concerning repression and censorship is generally fairly pessimistic; now here's something to cheer you up: for many years Lancaster Public Library, like most in the country, possessed a number of books on a "restricted" list, never on the open shelves, one always had

to go and ask at the desk for a book by name.

A few of us younger Labour Councillors challenged and questioned this policy both in Committee and open Council. The result; not what we'd asked for (a complete lifting of the "restricted" category) but a genteel compromise: a list of 67 fiction and various non-fiction books of a "questionable" nature (by such people as Mailer, Miller, Joyce, Edna O'Brien, Jenny Fabian, Lawrence et al) is now displayed on the Central Library wall. Naturally, to read it one has to elbow aside those already reading it and jotting down the names of books to ask for. It goes without saying that this compromise has led to more people reading the books concerned than would have been the case had our original demand been met. A rare case of a compromise being more satisfying than the original demand.

Lancaster has no Watch Committee, we have a few Festival of Light nutters in the City; but they confine themselves to their Church Halls most of the time (both a Fest-Light rally in the Ashton Hall and a beacon-lighting on Torrisholme Barrow attracted serious opposition from liberal clergymen, leftists, GLF people and others; we successfully drowned a Bishop's speech with merry cries of "hypocrite"); in fact, for a small provincial City in the far North, Lancaster is a remarkably civilised sort of place.

A brief postscript: Lancaster's geographical neighbours, Morecambe and Heysham, are decidedly not civilised places; they have nasty police and appalling magistrates. In summer drug busts at the Heysham "Sealink" terminal are frequent and the sentences are frequently pretty savage. Prospective travellers to Ireland wearing freaky garb are often searched on that pretext alone; the obvious moral is to either have nothing on you or to look and act VERY straight.

All the best, Bill Corr
Lancaster City Councillor
16 Hinde Street, Lancaster

Dear IT:

Quite a while ago now, you asked for women's views on the u/g press,

(and presumably the male and female problem in general). Night after night I promised myself I'd get it together the next evening and write you a letter. It's taken me about six weeks to realise that it's exactly my sort of apathy that is keeping our views very much in the background of u/g publications in general, at present.

It suddenly struck me (while I was very stoned), that if we all flooded u/g publications with letters, news and views, that a certain proportion would have to be published. Personally, I don't believe you're all chauvinist sexist pigs, or you wouldn't have bothered to ask in the first place.

Like a great many of the other female freaks, I don't want to join 'Women's Lib', for various reasons. What I know of my local group, I don't like, middle class wives of university and college lecturers, etc., screaming liberation and slugging men. I want full independence as an individual, but I don't feel the necessity to regard all guys with suspicion, while I'm trying to achieve it. It's only too easy to detect dubious motives if you're expecting to find them in the first place. The outstanding objection I personally have to the Women's Lib movement is the boring seriousness of it all. My desires for liberation are positive and just as sincere and strong as those of most women involved in women's lib. But I don't intend to waste a lot of time screaming, shouting and being generally uptight about it, alienating a lot of sympathetic guys at the same time. I want to enjoy liberating myself, surely that's not so bad? It's not such an awful thing (gaining independence), that we've got to slag and hate every guy in sight, if it is, it certainly shouldn't be, there's no reason to make it so. It should be enjoyable, we should make it a happy event not an uptight, bitchy and miserable process.

I don't mind cooking meals, washing up and making tea at all hours of the night as long as I don't do it every time. It's not that difficult to get guys to get off their arses to make the tea—try it—and you will roll the next joint for a change! If I sleep with a guy I'm not going to expect him to ask me to live with him the next morning. I am as capable as any guy of appreciating a good fuck as something I dig, I neither want or expect anything else.

Let's liberate ourselves, but please let's laugh, freak out and fuck on the

way. It's possible to enjoy life while we're fighting, that's part of the fight anyway, isn't it? Let's show the 'freaks' who think it's uncool to smile at other freaks, (male or female), they pass on the streets, that somewhere on the way they've got really confused. For the sake of our heads let's keep happy and do crazy things, we'll get there a lot more quickly this way.

Love and peace
Marietta
Flat 7b, 7 Travis Place
Sheffield S10 2DB

Dear IT:

We would like to thank MC5 for coming to do a O.H.M. benefit and departing without playing when they realised they would only get ¼ of what they were offered.

Right on the revolutionary rock band! Nektar were good.

Love and peace
Truro Action Group
30a Edward Street, Truro,
Kernow, Cornwall

Dear IT:

To all those paranoid political pervers who live in Britain and go around shouting 'Power to the People':

Though you may not have yet realised it, the power in this country is in the hands of the people, what it needs is for a few more of them to get off their soapboxes and take it.

We are living in the last country that could be made free overnight. What needs changing is the structure that controls the power, the civil service not parliament. If people want it changing they must get into it, you can't clean a house by standing on the

doorstep shouting.

How many reading this have ever stood for election or helped people to, how many have bothered putting their ideas to the 58million people and seeing what they think—try it some time—you'd be surprised how many of them want a change.

There are also those who plead for peace—but how many know how easy that dream could be—they could start by disbanding the armed forces—thanks to those peace lovers back in Cromwell's time the army has to be raised by a vote in parliament once a year—if that bill was defeated there would be no army.

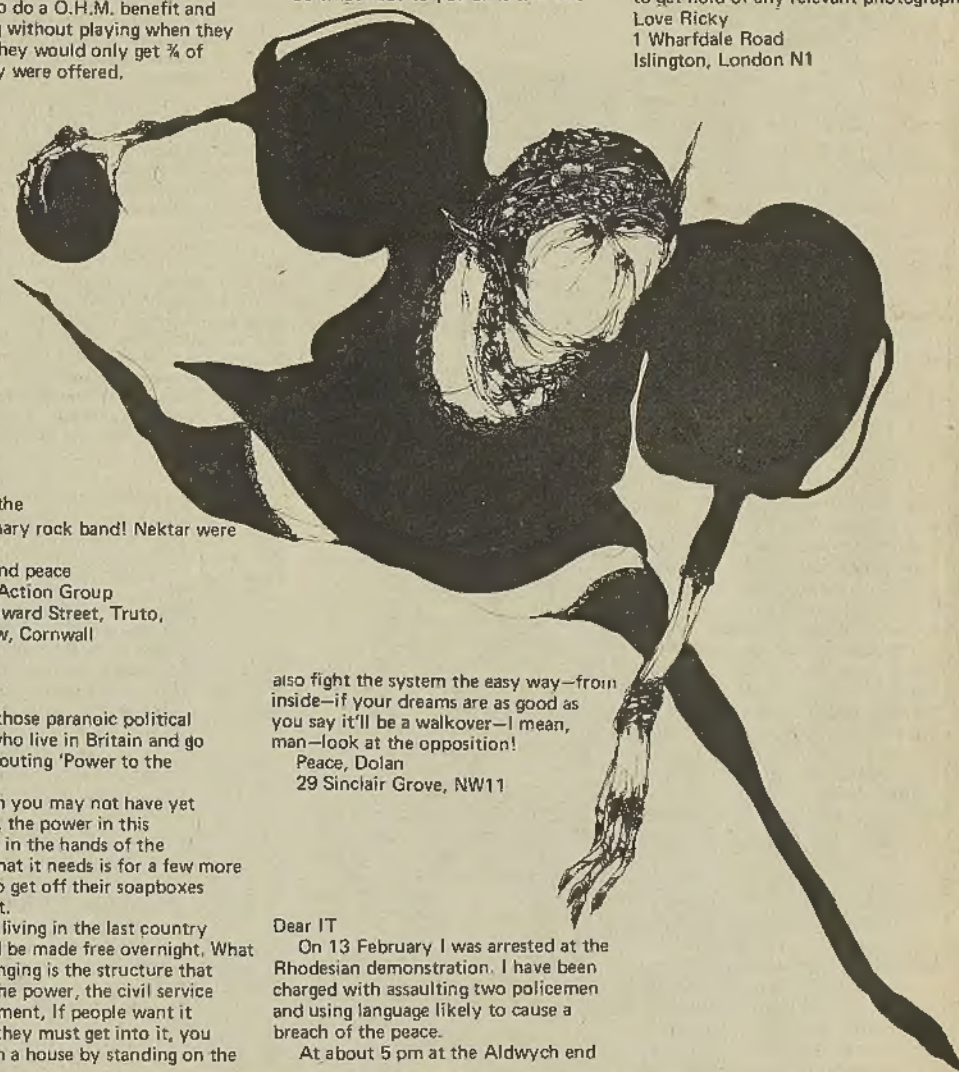
So what I say to you all is talk but

of the Strand some cops shouted "There he is" and broke their line to chase a photographer. In the general confusion I was grabbed from behind as I ran towards the Aldwych, knocked down and kicked by five policemen; then carried off.

A couple of girls screamed to draw attention to it and a crowd gathered. Someone took a flash photo of me on my back.

I was wearing brown cord trousers and jacket and a dark green polo neck. I have dark hair and long sideboards.

Would anyone who saw the incident please get in touch with the AAM at 580 5311. I am particularly anxious to get hold of any relevant photographs.
Love Ricky
1 Wharfedale Road
Islington, London N1



also fight the system the easy way—from inside—if your dreams are as good as you say it'll be a walkover—I mean, man—look at the opposition!

Peace, Dolan
29 Sinclair Grove, NW11

Dear IT

On 13 February I was arrested at the Rhodesian demonstration. I have been charged with assaulting two policemen and using language likely to cause a breach of the peace.

At about 5 pm at the Aldwych end



The Nasty Four pictured outside Marlborough Magistrates Court. L to R—Paul Lewis, Mick Farren, Joy Farren and Edward Barker (photo by Penny Smith).



NASTY TRIALS

The Nasty Four have been committed for trial by jury by Marlborough Street Magistrates Court; a bench of JPs (amateur magistrates) decided there was a case for Bloom (Publications) Ltd and directors Paul Lewis, Mick Farren and Edward Barker together with company secretary Joy Farren, to answer on the charge of possessing obscene articles for publication for gain contrary to the Obscene Publications Act, namely Nasty Tales No.1.

The prosecution case rests on the assumption that Nasty Tales No.1 was aimed at children, because of its comic format, and its use of the term "kids". Cartoons objected to are acts of cock-sucking, cunt-licking and masturbation in Dirty Dog on page 11 and in the Orgy on page 50, "unhealthy interest" in drugs in the first Furry Freak Brothers on pages 35 and 38, and a cartoon on "elephant doody" (shit) "which tastes like tutti frutti" quoted the prosecutor with some horror.

The defence argued that the comic was certainly not aimed at children and that 20p was a prohibitive cost, that the prosecution was missing the satire and humour of the cartoons, and that anyway they didn't tend to deprave and corrupt, which is the definition of obscenity under the Act.

The trial was set for the Crown Court, Newington Causeway, London, but may not take place for some nine months.

APPEAL

Although it had been hoped that the case would be thrown out of court on 15 March, this referral to the Old Bailey does mean that the Nasty Tales Trial will incur large costs. If you would like to contribute to the Defence Fund, please send your bread to "Nasty Tales Account", 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF. It is planned to hold further benefits before the trial, and offers of help, etc., should be addressed to Mac (tel: 01 434 1372).

AN APPEAL BY FRIENDS OF TIMOTHY DAVEY

As you must have heard, our friend Tim has been sentenced to six years in prison in Turkey and fined £4,200. We do not want him to become embittered and untrusting, so he needs love to see him through and money to help pay legal costs and the fines and buy extra food from the prison canteen. There are two things you can do to help. First, send money to "The Timothy Davey Fund", c/o Bruce Douglass-Mann MP, House of Commons, SW1. Secondly, write to him. The address is: Timothy Davey, Turist Kogusi, Bayrampasa Ceza Evi,

Bayrampasa, Istanbul, Turkey.

People have sent Tim cassettes, but he does not have a cassette player. If you could help, please contact Danzil Cooper, 41 Cambridge Gardens, W.10. If you don't have any money please send him books. He especially likes science-fiction. Books to be sent c/o British Consulate, Tepebazi, Turkey.

Tim asks us to do something for the three boys arrested with him. They are Patrice Piasato and Jean-Jacques Morisot, both French and aged 18, and Peter Stoll, Austrian, aged 17. If you know French or German, do write and make contact with them because they have no one to help them. Their address is the same as Tim's.

Despite all the talk of barbaric Turkist prison sentences and don't forget there are two fourteen year olds in British prisons. It appears it is surprisingly common for juveniles to be sent to prison while awaiting trial.

MORE THAN JUST ANOTHER FESTIVAL

The Bickershaw Festival company has been busy advertising it's "three day city" on the 5th, 6th and 7th of

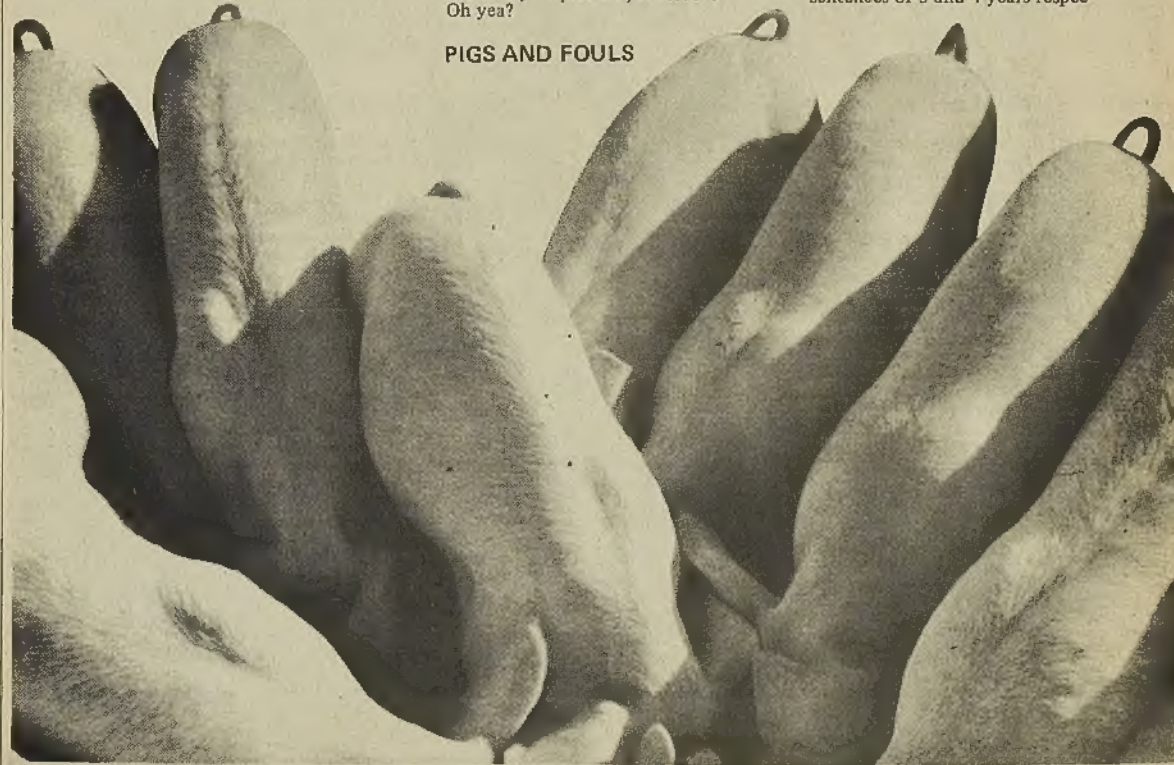
HOME

May by sending out a glossy promotional leaflet which reads rather more like a Butlin's holiday brochure.

Among the delights in store are "hot meals to the hungry public—hamburgers, hot dogs, barbecued chicken etc".....mmmmm, a "good night's sleep in large dormitory tents"advance booking only and a large fee and plenty of room to move,..... or as they put it, "enough room for every member of the audience to sit and sleep comfortably—one square yard each all the time and over two square yards some of the time".

Exactly what bands are going to play isn't settled yet (what, all this and music too?) but we are assured that other matters are well in hand. "A major security firm is being employed—but what they'll be up to is not for telling. Security gets less secure the more people that get to know about it. But the ticket-buying majority needn't worry—nobody else will get what they've paid for, for free". Oh yea?

PIGS AND FOULS



Two more policemen have been suspended—for arguing with the ref. Constables Cripps and Tilbrook from Peterborough are out of the game for 28 days—Cripps (the captain) for foul play and refusing to give his name to the ref and Tilbrook for obscene language to the ref. The incidents occurred in a game with an RAF team from Wittering.

RADICAL RECIPES

Tony Sinaris, well-known black militant and political activist, is in Brixton on charges arising out of a recipe in 'Grassroots' (the black community newspaper) for molotov cocktails and "people's" hand-grenades.

Bail was opposed by Det. Insp. William Hovell of Special Branch because of the seriousness of the charges and likelihood of Tony absconding. Hovell pointed out that the two charges carried maximum sentences of 3 and 4 years respec-

tively.

Since interviewing him at the end of last year, Tony had left the country for Paris and Algiers, "where he associated with Black Panther exiles wanted by the US government" said Hovell.

Benedict Bernberg, (Tony's solicitor) applied for bail offering sureties of several thousand pounds, and said Tony has a fixed address in Notting Hill. Hovell agreed that Tony had voluntarily attended three interviews last year with Special Branch officers and no warrant for his arrest was issued either when he left the country then, nor on his voluntary return early this year. A warrant was issued on 1 March. Bernberg explained that the visits to Paris and Algiers were for the legitimate purpose of negotiations for the publication of a book by Eldridge Cleaver. The agent was in Paris, and it became necessary for Tony to see Cleaver personally in Algiers.

Bail was refused by Mr. Derek Johnson, and Tony is remanded in custody until 22 March.

CHARGES:

(a) inciting readers of a publication (Grassroots) to contravene Section (1) of The Firearms Act, 1968.

(b) inciting readers of same to contravene Section (4) of the Explosive Substances Act 1883 (!).

More details from Paddy, 969 7473.

WHITE PANTHER PARTY UK

On Saturday 11 March approximately 40 members of the White Panther Party—from Abbey Wood, Ilford, West London and Croydon and Bromley Chapters—took to the streets of Woolwich in SE London. The reason was to protest about the distortion and lies that appear in a local paper, the Kentish Independent. Incidents of the day were the surrounding of a police car by angry Panthers, forcing the pig to freak and drive away at high speed, and a visit to the local police station by brothers and sisters where all were ejected by the pigs within five minutes.

During the rest of the afternoon the Panthers were followed by plain-clothes pigs.

Copies of a handbill distributed on the day—"This paper is an enemy of the people"—are available from: Abbey Wood Chapter, White Panther Party UK (Central Co-ordination), Box 5, 1 Conference Road, Abbey Wood, London SE2.

FORBIDDEN CUSTOM

Forbidden Fruit in Kensington Market have been given notice to quit by 13 April unless they stop selling their excellent skins, chillums, pipes

etc. The new management—Town Markets—told them it was attracting the 'wrong' type of customer. The 'wrong' type comprise about 90% of the Market custom anyway!

We already have Harrods and Fortnum & Masons, and if Town Markets carry on this way, with all their unfriendly notices like "No Loitering" and "No dogs" there won't be nowhere left to go at all!

They're bad-vibing us out, folks. So keep loitering and bring your dog!

JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES

Of the 359 judges on the 1968 Law List, 292 had been to public school, 273 to either Oxford or Cambridge. There are only eight judges to every million people.



RELEASE BURNT

Release offices were burnt out a fortnight ago. Fortunately all the files were in fire-proof cabinets, but the organisation has had to move to 1 Elgin Avenue, London W.9. They are taking calls on 603 8654 and 727 8636.

The Arson Squad are investigating the fire.

WOMEN'S LIB CONFERENCE

The next National Women's Liberation conference is in Manchester on 25 and 26 March. Details from WL groups c/o Flat 4, 372 Wellington Road North, Heaton Chapel, Stockport.

ANGRY BRIGADE TRIAL

The trial of the Stoke Newington Eight is now expected to take place at the Old Bailey in June. The prosecution has stated there will be 173 witnesses and hundreds of exhibits. The eight are accused of being the Angry Brigade.

It is vital for the defence that they have details of all raids and police activities in connection with bombings and explosives since January 1968. Statements should contain as much detail as possible and will be treated with the utmost confidence. All replies will be acknowledged within 10 days.

Write to Box 359, 240 Camden High Street, London NW1.

SMUG RECRUITING

Potential assistants in W.H. Smug's book departments impressed by a recruiting ad reading "George Orwell started in a bookshop" might be interested in knowing what Orwell himself had to say about his bookshop days:

"A bookseller has to tell lies about books, and that gives him a distaste for them; still worse is the fact that he is constantly dusting them and hauling them to and fro....As soon as I went into the bookshop I stopped buying books. Seen in the mass....books were boring and slightly sickly."

PLUS CA CHANGE.....

Mr Geoffrey Pinnington of the Daily Mirror has been appointed editor of the Sunday People. Mr. Robert Edwards, editor of the Sunday People, has become editor of the Sunday Mirror. Mr. Michael Christiansen, editor of the Sunday Mirror, becomes deputy editor of the Daily Mirror.

All the papers are owned by the International Publishing Corporation, which is owned by the Reed Paper Group.....

OXFORD CIRCUS BOMBED

Two petrol bombs were thrown through the windows of South African Airways offices in Oxford Circus the other day.

BLIND JUSTICE

A pregnant woman was wheeled into the North London Court on a stretcher last week for swindling the GPO out of £3 and stealing a purse. Mary Aspel of Brook Road, Stoke Newington, was accompanied by a nurse and doctor. Mary pleaded guilty and was conditionally discharged.

WORLD

FREEDOM'S JUST ANOTHER WORD.....

A Johannesburg city councillor has made a public apology for a song called 'Uhuru' played by a pop group at a concert in Pioneer Park. Speaking on a matter of 'urgent public importance' at the council's monthly meeting, Mr. Monty Sklaar, chairman of the Health and Amenities Committee, said one of the pop groups at the free concert arranged by the council had played 'Uhuru'.

Uhuru is the Swahili word for 'freedom'. "I am sorry to say the number was used" said the abject and grovelling Mr. Sklaar.

He said no check had been made on the programme, but he assured the council that in future "every programme will be carefully checked and vetted."

Some 3,000 people attended the concert and because of their good behaviour the council decided to hold more of them. But there will be no more songs about freedom.

PS In case you hadn't guessed, the concerts are for whites only.

CHAUVINIST EXECUTIONION

Another bastion of male domination

is under attack. The Straits Times in Singapore has run an advertisement for a new part-time executioner for the department of prisons. It specified that the prospective hangman should be male and preferably 'conversant with execution procedures.'

But Miss Anita Chuan, a 19 year old secretary from Kuala Lumpur, has applied for the job. "I believe that you only have to pull a lever" she said. The job carries a retainer of £7 a month, with £6 for each execution plus travelling expenses.

Miss Chuan is a fan of the novels of Miss Agatha Christie.

HEALTH FOOD TO HEROIN ?

Vegetarian readers of the 'Lancet' will have discovered with astonishment—nay! alarm—that two research workers in the Department of Nutrition at Harvard have discovered a relationship between 'hard drug' use and what they describe as 'hard core vegetarianism.' The researchers are concerned that young people who become vegetarians 'to keep the body in proper balance' may be running a greater health risk than if they had remained meat eaters. They painstakingly point out the 'diets

these young people adopt are rather bizarre; in addition to simply eliminating animal products from the diet, most "processed" foods are eliminated and extensive use is made of "natural" foods or "health" foods.'

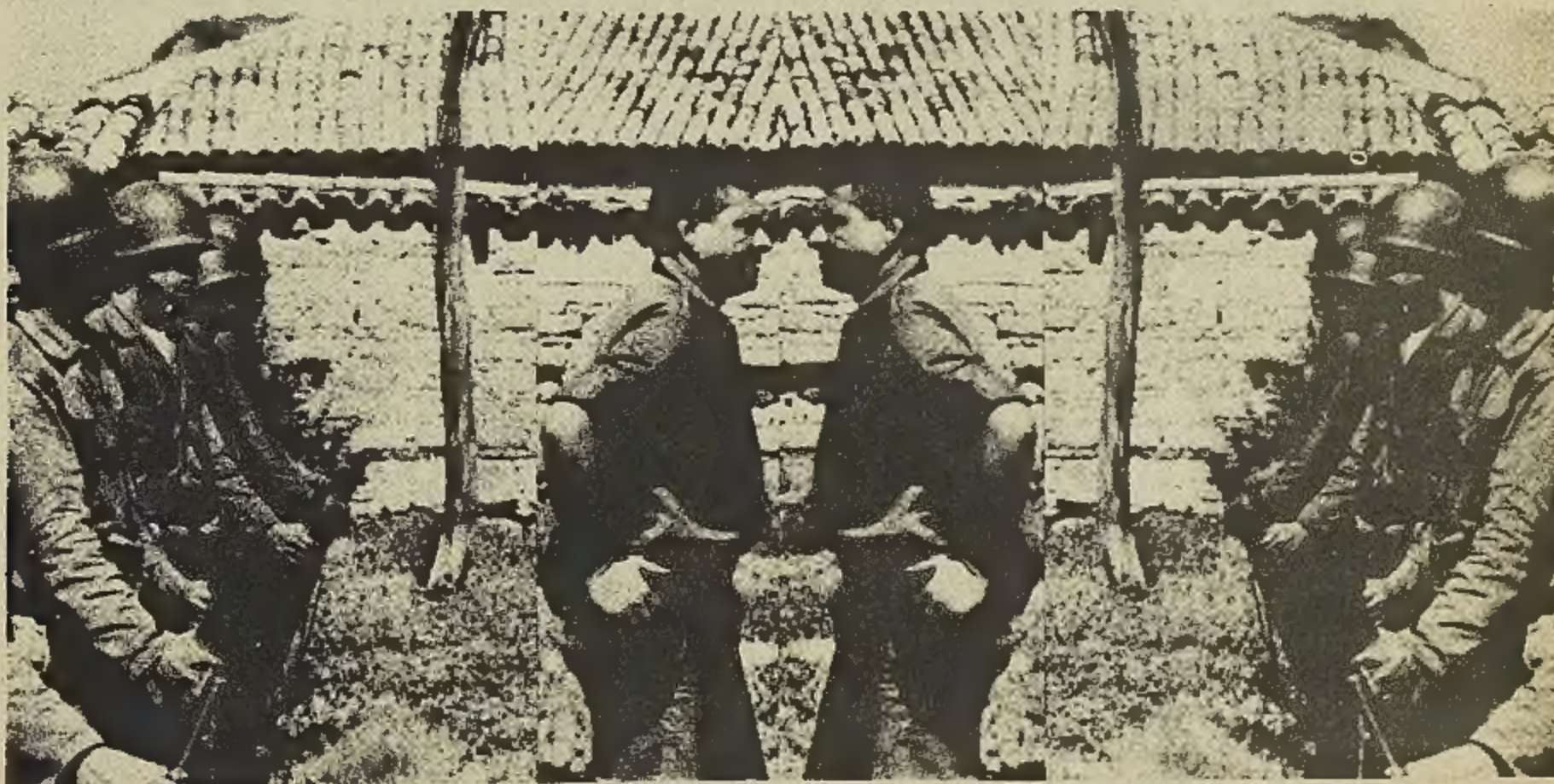
The Harvard nutritionists have a word of advice for anyone so foolish to attempt to reconvert this group to the fleshly delights of mass produced hamburger and all-American cardboard apple pie. They 'are increasingly convinced that the adoption of these (vegetarian) diets represents a crutch which helps them refrain from relapsing into drug use.'

And to prove their point they are asking for comments from British colleagues who have noticed the same depressing symptoms among the non-carnivorous young. Academic practical joke? Or are the nutritionists at Harvard still suffering from a glut of too much money and a shortage of serious research topics?

MOTHER NATURE'S SON

American Farmers had to use 648 per cent more nitrogen fertilisers between 1949 and 1968—to achieve a mere 11 per cent increase in agricultural production. Between 1950 and 1967 they used 267 per cent more pesticides to boost total crop yields by only 5 per cent.

One thousand million pounds of DDT have been dumped into the environment—and add another 100 million pounds every year. Even the Eskimos in Greenland have a high



DDT content in their body tissues, even though DDT has never been used there.

These facts are presented by Pow-Wow, an international anti-pollution group, who are calling on groups throughout Europe and the US to take decentralised actions to spread environmental consciousness. They would like information on what groups are doing and the response.

Pow-Wow is trying to organise a series of mass-rallies on June 4th, the eve of the UN Conference on the Human Environment held in Stockholm. Then in Stockholm itself there will be an alternative environment conference, to make delegates to the UN conference take heed of real issues.

Action reports should be sent to Pow-Wow, c/o Eriksson, Inteckningsvagen 64, S-126 43 Hågersten, Sweden.

ANGELA DAVIS TRIAL

The first week of the trial in San Jose, California, was spent in selecting a jury, all potential black jurors were objected to by the prosecution leaving an all-white jury.

HUNDREDS DIE FROM POISONING

Hundreds of people have died in Iraq recently of mercury poisoning.

The outbreak has been caused by seed grain, treated with a mercurial fungicide. The grain was distributed last summer after a drought with a warning that it should only be used as seed. A hungry winter has inevitably led peasants to use it as food, both directly from bread and indirectly from meat and milk from cattle fed on it.

Organic mercury poisoning is highly insidious in that symptoms develop slowly and only after enormous irreversible damage has been done to the brain. Those who do not die are left with crippling mental and physical disabilities. Foetuses and young children are particularly susceptible and quite often mothers, apparently unaffected by the poison, give birth to severely disabled children.

Mercury is in fact the commonest fungicide base for seed dressings intended to prevent planted grain from rotting in the soil. The methyl mercury dressings are almost entirely

odourless and flavourless.

The Current outbreak of mercury poisoning is not the first.

DACHAU DEJA VU

Terminal cancer patients were made the involuntary subjects of an experiment to determine the effects of exposure to high levels of radiation. The programme was carried out by the University of Cincinnati's Medical College under contract from the Defense Department, which wants to know what tactical nuclear weapons will do if they are used in a battle.

Officials justifying the experiment argued that the patients had low IQs came from down-and-out backgrounds and were going to die anyway.

PHOOEY !!





DINOSAUR NEWS

a new venture, which hopes to be able to make money supplying the straight press with alternative news to finance its services to the underground press, which will hopefully consist of not only a news agency but clipping services and picture files.

Policemen could be outnumbered by private security men in the next ten years according to a report by the Police Federation. Already the private security industry employs 40,000 and has a yearly turnover of £55,000,000. (S.Mirror, 12/3/72)

The OZ trial is being made into a Broadway musical; adverts for actors include these:—
Detective Inspector Frederick Luff—
"Middle-aged family man, medium

height, broad, greasy hair."
Caroline Coon—"founded Release for young kids with drug problems, trained as a ballet dancer, sensuous face, red hair, hot pants."
(S.Mirror, 12/3/72)

"Whether we like it or not, we are living in a post-Christian society. If people prefer to be Christians they must remember they are a minority and must not try to enforce their views on the majority."
Councillor R. Foster of Chatham on rejecting a Festival of Light petition to ban a showing of 'The Devils.'
(Telegraph, 10/3/72)

Sacred Indian graves are being robbed in Washington State not only of their gold and jewels but the bones of the dead as well. The going price for an Indian skull ashtray is 25 dollars in California. The father of Chief Joseph, one of the most brilliant of all Indian chiefs, was buried in the mid-1880s. His skull is now being used as an ashtray by a Washington dentist.
(LNS)

The cost of the Olympic Games this year in Munich is estimated at £237,000,000.
(Times, 10/3/72)

The Community Redevelopment Agency (CRA) of Los Angeles whose

mission is to eradicate ghettos through redevelopment has proposed a six-foot "decorative" wall to encircle an eleven-acre housing estate in Watts, the LA ghetto. The CRA propose a wall covered with flowers and see it as sound urban planning. The people of Watts have a different point of view; they see it as a concentration camp and the first step in a plan for an eventual police state.
(LA Free Press)

Marxist "Robin Hoods" of the Peoples Revolutionary Army in Argentina hijacked a milk tanker and distributed the milk to slum dwellers.
(Mirror 11/3/72)

Jesus Christ Superstar has grossed 1.3 million dollars in its first thirty engagements. The president of the group estimated the show would take in about 12 million dollars in its first year.
(Good Times)

In smog-afflicted Tokyo, curbside machines sell refreshing whiffs of oxygen.
(Great Speckled Bird)

A single-deck bus was stolen from a depot in Gravesend, Kent. A Maidstone & District bus company official said: "It could have been someone without transport who wanted to get home."
(Sun, 8/3/72)

Gabriel Green, head of the Amalgamated Flying Saucers Clubs of America, is campaigning for presidential nomination of the Universal Party. He says he talks with people from other planets.
(Mail 8/3/72)

Little Jimmy Martin's long trousers are to be discussed by Parliament. Eight-year-old Jimmy—who has false legs and one arm—wears out two pairs of pants a week because he keeps falling down.
(Sun 1/3/72)

Illinois mental health officials have started investigating a hospital doctor who has finally been suspended after 200 of his patients have died.
(Mail 2/3/72)

Student Olaf Hedlund claimed a world record at Skelleftea, Sweden, after standing on one leg for 5½ hours. He said: "It was a bit boring."
(Sun 4/3/72)

An 85 year old Nevada man, depressed over an illness, made out a cheque to a funeral home, drove to the local mortuary and shot himself.
(Mail)

Men with long hair covering their eyebrows and ears risk 15 to 30 days in jail and a £6 fine under a by-law at Makati, south of Manila, Phillipine. The law applies to visitors as well as residents.
(E.Standard)

The idea was simple, yet it took years before someone hit on it. Credit cards for sex! If you're short of cash, so what? Have a ball and settle your account at the end of the month. Prossies claim business is booming, bigger and better than ever!

this pic has, of course, no relation at all to the story below

HOME SEC IN U.S. REAL- ESTATE FRAUD

A fraud case is being heard in New York that has received surprisingly little publicity over here. Surprising, that is, as it involves a prominent member of the British government.

Former directors of the International Investors Group are being sued for 20 million dollars' damages by swindled investors. One of the directors is the Rt. Hon. Reginald Maudling, deputy Prime Minister and, as Home Secretary, the man responsible for police, prisons, Northern Ireland and law-and-order in general.

The story of Maudling's involvement in this fraud provides a fascinating insight into corruption in the establishment.

In Autumn 1970, the International Investors Group went bankrupt owing four million pounds to its investors. The group, also called the Real Estate Fund of America Ltd, was founded by a slick businessman named Jerome Hoffman. Among other things Hoffman had previously been involved in deals with American mortgage investors which resulted in him owing them over a million dollars. In spring of 1968,

the REFA was the subject of a legal action by the Attorney-General of New York alleging fraud. This action had the effect of the company being banned from the New York Stock Exchange. Therefore it had to sell its units to investors overseas. Things were looking bad for Mr. Hoffman and his Fund.

ENTER MR. MAUDLING

This is where Mr. Maudling comes in. For, what could reassure wary investors more than the company having the Rt. Hon. Mr. Reginald Maudling, ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer, deputy leader of the Conservative Party, as its president?

When Maudling accepted the position in early 1969, he also accepted a gift of 50,000 shares in REFA worth, according to Hoffman, £335,000. This gift may have been no small inducement to Reggie for in a frank interview with Oliver Mariot of the "Times Business News" in summer 1969, he did point out that he had no pension and he was hoping to build up a "little pot of money for my old age."

THE FRAUD BEGINS

With Maudling firmly established as president, the REFA then sent out what can only be described as a fraudulent prospectus. It included a leaflet consisting in the main of four pictures of buildings under construction, all of them captioned in such a way as to convince the reader they were owned by the REFA.

Mr. Birch, who produced the prospectus, was later to say, "What we were told to do was remove from the picture all the boardings and signs which indicated who was building them or what they were. None of them had anything to do with REFA."

MAUDLING'S PERSONAL INVOLVEMENT

It was about this time, in the summer of 1969, that Mr. Johann Melander, a director of the Norwegian Bank "Den Norske Kreditbank", was approached by Hoffman with a view to investing 250,000 dollars in the REFA/HG. As it happened, Melander had met Maudling when the latter was President of the Board of Trade and now wrote to him for a reference.

Maudling (owner of 50,000 shares in HG) was only too happy to assure Melander that HG was a sound investment. Accordingly the bank invested the money. This was the beginning of Mr. Maudling's personal involvement in the fraud.

THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANKS

Perhaps encouraged by his success with the Norske Kreditbank, Maudling on 20th June proceeded to write letters to banking dignitaries all over Europe pressing them to take advantage of the marvellous prospects offered by the Real Estate Fund of America.

To Mr. Edwin Stopper, President of the Swiss National Bank in Zurich, he wrote: "My plan is that we should work in co-operation with the leading banks in each country, rather than by methods of direct selling, which I do not think suitable for European conditions....I think we can say with confidence that our real estate investments in the United States will be in the best possible hands."

And to the directors of the Kreditbank Luxembourg: "I am indeed delighted to hear that your management committee has agreed in principle to co-operate with the Fund, and I look forward to a long and fruitful association."

There then followed a long list of various banks in Scandinavia, Germany and Portugal, already approached by REFA, including—surprise, surprise!—Den Norske Kreditbank in Oslo, "who

have already placed substantial funds with us."

MAUDLING RESIGNS

In August 1969, only a matter of months since he had taken up the position, and despite his assurances to the Kreditbank Luxembourg, Reginald Maudling resigned as president of the Real Estate Fund of America, "through pressure of work", he said. He retained his 50,000 shares.

The Norske Kreditbank were somewhat worried by his resignation and since it had been on his personal recommendation that they had invested in REFA, they now applied to withdraw their 250,000 dollars. Their application was met with stalling letters and excuses.

They then wrote to Maudling, explaining the position and asking for his help. He replied that he would use his influence to get the money repaid. In the event, only a small part of the money has ever been repaid.

At this point, it might be useful to note that the director of a company or fund which solicits money for investment when it is not capable of repaying the money is guilty of fraudulent trading.

"A GOOD AND SOUND INVESTMENT"

Maudling's resignation brought a torrent of speculation down on REFA and to quieten rumours about the company's reliability, on Sept 26th he wrote an open letter to Hoffman, which was published. It shows no sign of any anxiety Maudling might have felt concerning the company's unwillingness to repay Norske Kreditbank

Part of it reads, "I would like to put on record once again that the reasons for my resignation were precisely those set out in my statement and no more. I began the statement by saying that I considered the Real Estate Fund of America was a good and sound investment."

Maudling's shares steadied for a while.

REGGIE TRIES TO SELL HIS SHARES

In June 1970, the Tories won the General Election and Maudling became Home Secretary. By now REFA's ever increasing number of creditors were becoming more and more worried by unkept promises to repay debts.

It was then that Maudling tried to sell his 50,000 shares, only to discover that he could only sell them back to the company, and Hoffman wasn't buying. Maudling couldn't get rid of his connections with Hoffman's enterprises.

By Autumn of 1970, Hoffman's company documents were under investigation by the Board of Trade. The Attorney General of Bermuda (where REFA was registered) had also started a full-scale enquiry into the company. In desperation, Maudling was forced to give his shares away.

Poor Reggie - thanks to REFA, he lost his reputation in the financial world and may have ruined his political career, and after all that he didn't have a penny to show for it.

In November 1970, REFA/IIG was officially declared bankrupt.

POLICE INVESTIGATION

Worse was to come. On Monday 14 December 1970, a report arrived on Maudling's own desk saying that Scotland Yard had suspicions about the honesty of IIG's trading. Maudling himself was obliged to order an enquiry into the allegations.

The investigation was conducted by Det Insp Kelaher (ironically Kelaher himself is currently being investigated because of his key role in a massive drugs smuggling conspiracy - Sands and Nicholson case Muddx Quarter Sessions).

Meanwhile Hoffman was being chased around Europe by angry creditors and Interpol. Somehow or other though, Mr. Hoffman did manage to return to Britain in February 1971 and on several other occasions, without a warrant being issued for his arrest, or his passport being taken from him. This despite the fact that the police had the perfect holding charge - evidence of Hoffman's swindling the Post Office by lying about his telephone. This was to prove important, as events turned out. The boss of the police was, and still is, Mr Reginald Maudling, ex-president of the REFA.

Indeed Hoffman was still travelling freely in and out of Britain after he was finally indicted in May 1971 on 32 counts by a Federal Grand Jury for fraud. He eventually settled in extradition-free Israel.

ROWS BETWEEN GOVERNMENT DEPARTMENTS

After IIG/REFA went bankrupt, the Department of Trade and Industry began investigating the company. The DTI did in fact strongly suggest to the Director of Public Prosecutions, Sir Norman Skelhorn, that the DTI handle all future investigations and prosecutions for fraud. However Sir Norman insisted on his continued power to oversee all prosecutions for fraud, especially in cases where well known names or large sums were involved. So the police investigation continued, resulting in much wasted effort and stepping on toes.

Both investigations were finished during Autumn 1971. Both concluded that there was a prima facie case for prosecuting IIG and its subsidiaries for fraudulent trading, as did the official receiver's report.

continued on page forty four



COMMUNITY



BIRMINGHAM

If you thought Brum was dead, read this

Free School Project, phone 454 8877

Action Centre: help and info, evgs and weekends: 40 Hall Road, Handsworth, Birmingham 20 (523 6891)

Angela Davis Defence, 43 Ansell Road, Birmingham 24

Free University: Nigel Young, 8 Highfield Road, Birmingham 15 (454 7792)

Arts Lab (inc. Film Co-op) Tower Street, Birmingham 19

Friends of the Earth, 281 Moor Green Lane, Birmingham 13

Gay Lib—every Thursday at Peace Centre, 18 Moor Street, Ringway (643 0996). Peace Centre also a general hippy communication centre.

Radical Alternatives to Prison: Jane Britten or Judith Williams, 12 York Road, Birmingham 16

Schools Action Union, c/o Birmingham University Students' Union.

Women's Lib—many informal groups for details contact Angela Lloyd, 42 Warwick Crescent, Arthur Road, Birmingham 15

SHOPS

C.J. & H.V. Ford, 85/86 Queen Street, Exeter, EX4 3RP

Grass Roots Bookshop, 271 Upper Brook Street, Manchester 13

Wood & Gil, Flat 5, 16 St Saviours gate, York

Peters Paperbacks, 234a Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth BH1 1PE

Shop, 5 Rosemary Lane, Lancaster

Beautiful Stranger (*) (formerly Axis), 6a Hunters Lane, Rochdale, Lancs

John Nicholson, 84 King St, Cambridge

On the 8th Day, 111 Oxford Road, Manchester

Gold Seal, 265 Upper Brook Street, Manchester 13

Ultima Thule Bookshop, 22 Arcadia, Percy St, Newcastle

Knabbs Gaten,

The Bookshop (*), c/o The Anarchist Bookshop, 153 Woodhouse Lane, Leeds 2

The Quill Pen, North Road, Havering-atte Bower, Essex

Acorn Bookshop, Stall 2, St Nicholas Market, Bristol 1

Wraggle Taggle, 27 George St, Brighton

Unicorn, 50 Gloucester Rd, Brighton

Dragon, 110 Gloucester Rd, Brighton

Bogus, 21 Princes Ave, Hull, Yorks

Books & Things (*), 6 Penryn St, Redruth, Cornwall

The Black Market, High St Cheltenham, Glos

Nirvana Market, 5 Cobden Chambers, Pelham St, Nottingham

Headship (*), 19 Churchgate, Loughborough, Leics

Headstorr, 28 Fairfield Road, Kingston, Surrey

Head Community Services & Promotions, Albany House, 6 Albany Road, Southsea, Portsmouth, Hants

Cleveland Wrecking Yard (*), 175 Newcastle St, Burslem, Stoke on Trent

Rank & File Workshop, 30 Primrose Hill South, Coventry, Warwicks

Libertaria Bookshop, 95 West Green Road, London, N.15

Compendium, 240 Camden High Street London NW1 (01 485 8944)

Frendz Market, 307 Portobello Road, London W 10

Grass, Westport Row, Grass Market, Edinburgh, Scotland.

(*) indicates that help/info services are also operated from this address.

ALSO

ROCHDALE Community Benefits are putting on local concerts. Contact Malcolm or Chris c/o Union Office, Rochdale College, St. Mary's Gate, Rochdale, Lancs. (tel Mon Fri, 40121 ext 63). They are part of Community Music, 141 Westbourne Park Road, London W.11 (tel 229 8219) who are trying to set up a benefit circuit.

LITTLE MAGS

COUNTRY BIZARRE No 7

New address, new size (for one issue) but better than ever. This issue has more and longer articles, keeping bees, hedgerows, hand spinning and more. Rush out and buy your copy now (or better still take out a subscription, 70p post & packing inc)

Price 15p (+ 5p p&p). **NEW ADDRESS:**
Bizarre Acres, 19 Danesmoor, Ruscott
Banbury Oxfordshire.

MANTRA 2 The Mystical Magazine

This is the first issue I've seen and I was quite impressed. It looks nice and reads well. For the Children of God and everyone who would like to see a kinder calmer and happier world

15p. Subscription for 6 months £1 50 to
P.O.Box 725, London W5 4BN

UNDERCURRENTS 1.

WOW! Lots of paper. Quote "Undercurrents has been started by some people who believe that radical views on scientific and technological subjects need a medium in which they can be aired." Fair enough. And there's more: the staff are unpaid and the magazine is produced at cost, using voluntary helpers. This magazine could be something great. I'll go through the bits of paper (they all come together in a plastic (ugh) bag. The New Alchemists (to restore the lands, protect the seas and inform the Earth's Stewards) Vacuumatic-

London High Street, London NW1

A cookbook with very few recipes but it's great. On the cover it says "an underground cookbook. The practical, philosophical and political aspects of food with recipes and metaphysics." It's really quite an accurate description. ITA Jones writes a little like Loren Eiseley and certainly as beautifully. don't forget that if you write to Compendium about this book that as it's an American book you may have to wait a couple of weeks (but it'll be worth it).

With thoughts of April and May here is her recipe for Early Spring Soup

(1) Prepare in small bowls

1 cup raw diced potatoes

1 " " sliced carrots

1 " " cauliflower pieces

1/2 cup fresh shelled peas

1 1/2 cups fresh chopped spinach (or frozen, thawed and drained)

1/4 cup freshly snipped parsley

1/4 cup freshly sliced mushrooms

(optional)

(2) Pour 3 cups of cold water into a large pot. Add 2 tsp salt. Bring to the boil, then add potatoes and carrots. Cover and simmer 10 minutes.

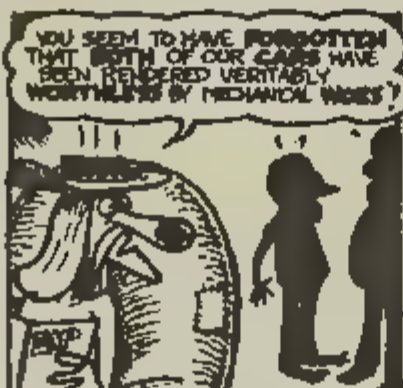
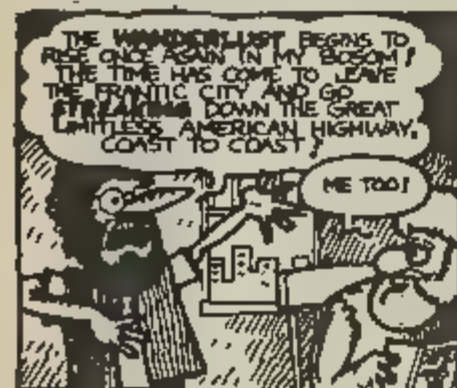
(3) Add all other vegetables. Cover and simmer another 10 minutes.

(4) Mix 3 tbsp. flour with a bit of milk until smooth and add this to the soup. Pour in 2 cups milk: a bit more or less depends on you. Stir and heat slowly almost to the boiling point, but do not boil. Chill in the refrigerator

In Germany every gentleman is styled a Baron as in England every Gentleman is styled an Esquire, but an English Square's daughter, ignorant of the comparative value of titles, thinks by marrying a Baron to become a peeress of Germany, for as a Baron is a Peer in Great Britain, no doubt a Baron is a Peer all the world over. We could mention English girls of respectable family who have been taken in by German Barons, now living in England, and who are little better than swindlers, and who are impudently arrogant through the ignorance of our countrymen, as to the real bearing of the rank and title of German Baron. It seems that any one may purchase the title at a sum between 501 and 1001 from the court of Vienna, or other courts, and we have heard that an advertising quack doctor of the lowest kind, a menial in the Temple of Siphilotic Venus, absolutely negotiated for the purchase of a German Barony, and would have succeeded, had not the circumstance accidentally become known to our Ambassador, who prevented the grant.

From *The Gentleman's Magazine*,
July 1824

CEG



domes in Belfast. Communication Section on yellow paper. Alternative Computers? Community Radio and more and more. Important, interesting well worth buying, personally I can't wait to see what they produce next.

Quarterly, Subscription £1.20 inc p&p.
From Undercurrents, 34 Cholmley
Gardens, Aldred Road, London NW6
IAG. Single copy 20p.

THE GRUB BAG

by ITA Jones, paperback (American), 95p
by post from Compendium Bookshop, 240

until dinner, or serve it warm sprinkled with pepper. Delicious with French bread and sweet butter

A GENTLEMAN OF RANK?

An old German Baron is equal to an old English country gentleman. A new German Baron to a purchaser of a coat of arms. A Baron of Languedoc to a country Esquire. A Roman Duke and a Sicilian Prince to a Baronet.

COUNTRY GARDENS

If you'd like to spend the summer looking at flowers and trees, then get a copy of 'Gardens of England and Wales'. Costs 20p from most bookstalls, or 25p (inc p&p) from The National Gardens Scheme, 57 Lower Belgrave Street, London SW1. WOLR Houses are not usually open but some of them sound quite beautiful just to look at. Average admission price .0p. The book itself makes fascinating reading.

ITMAIL

BARGAINS GALORE

RECORDS

ITMAIL regrets that due to increased prices from our suppliers, from this issue, all bootleg prices are increased by 25p.

BOB DYLAN £2.50 + 10p p&p
Forty Red White & Blue Shoestrings
 inc I Wanna Be Your Man, She's Your Lover Now, Rock and Gravel, and more

BOB DYLAN £2.50 + 10p p&p
"24"
 An early Dylan bootleg, unduplicated, with 25 minutes on each side of favourite Dylan songs.

JIMI HENDRIX £2.50 + 10p p&p
Sky High
 featuring Johnny Winter and a drunken Jim Morrison somewhere near the microphone. Inc Red House, Tomorrow Never Knows and more

CROSBY STILLS & NASH £2.50 + 10p p&p
Wooden Nickel
 With one electric side and one acoustic, inc Guinevere, Birds, Judy Blue Eyes, Sea of Madness, Down by the River and more

GULP £2.50 + 10p P&P
 Side One. John Lennon, Yoko Ono and the Plastic Ono Band with the Who mini opera—ex "Rock and Roll Circus"
 Side Two. Buffalo Springfield 'Bluebird', Captain Beefheart (4 tracks)

LEON RUSSELL
In Concert £2.50 + 10p p&p
 inc. The Circle, It Takes a Lot to Laugh, Delta Lady, Honky Tonk Woman and more from 1970 Disco 2 TV show

POSTERS

Silver Surfer (full colour) 50p + 10p p&p
Convex & Concave (Escher) 25p + 10p p&p
Belvedere (Escher) 25p + 10p p&p

PATCHES

Green/yellow butterfly to applique
 (approx 3" wingspan) 25p + 3p p&p

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 Sandalwood/Cherry/Lemon
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 flavour you want

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Soledad Brothers 10p / **Clenched Fist** 5p
Women's Lib 5p / **Angry Brigade** 7p
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NASTY TALES No.3 20p + 5p p&p
 Ogoth and the Ugly Boot, Mr Natural, Gorilla Women of the Third Reich, Om, Bo Bo Bolnski, the Gaactlites and more more more "It's so nasty!"

NASTY TALES No.4 20p + 5p p&p
 Ogoth and the Skywomen, Mr Natural and all your favourite comic characters, plus many more you never even dreamed of!

Please allow 30 days for processing. Overseas orders should add 50p extra for postage (sorry!). All payments by cheque/ postal order made payable to ITMAIL, and sent off with this order form (just tick off the goodies you want) to

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THOSE FABULOUS FREAK BROTHERS





THE OBLIVION KID SAYS —

The blind spot of rock liberation could be rock itself

ROCK LIBERATION

it ain't just money

Most times, when reading or rapping about rock liberation, the main pre-occupation of those speaking or writing seems to be the profits that are made from rock music, and how they should be channelled back into the community.

For the most part, they ignore rock music itself, and its use as a medium for the communication of information and energy.

This is a possible reason that the concept of community music makes such slow headway outside that which is achieved by the musicians themselves.

Of course, no one could deny the importance of re-channelling the vast funds that are generated by the exploitation of rock and roll, and in the same way, it is very necessary to wrest the control of our music from the type of show biz manipulator who both despises the music and audience, and seeks to debase our culture with low energy substitutes for real music.

If this record corporation/Radio One mentality is to be stopped, it will not be achieved by shouting a lot, and occasionally trashing some event. If we are to develop a true people's music, free from hype, machismo and exploitation, it will only come if a great deal of creative work goes into developing viable alternatives to current commercial rock.

This doesn't just mean the musicians, however, it means everyone.

At any rock concert, an individual band in fact only plays a small part in the overall event. If a show lasts for five hours, one band will only play for, at most, a little over an hour. The actual environment in which the music is presented prevails for the entire event and has by far the major effect on the audience's energy and enjoyment.

The environment in which rock is presented is at an all time low. The Roundhouse today is a sad, straight imitation of what it was a few years ago. The wrap-around, 360° lightshow of Middle Earth days has been replaced by a few theatrical spots. The audience has been enclosed by a wall of seats that, while they may be ideal for watching plays, make dancing impossible. These same looming bleachers totally preclude the side trips, and spontaneous bits of weirdness that made the early Roundhouse so attractive.

Another example of the lack of imagination that goes into

rock presentation is the question of what happens between the bands. The current solution is to have a D.J., often dull and inaudible, playing indeterminable albums as a kind of music wallpaper while the roadies go to work. The D.J. is simple to organise and so nothing else is ever tried. The chance for potential mime troupes, dancers, comedians and any artist who does not conform to rigid concepts of music industry packaging is excluded.

The regulation D.J. totally prevents the emergence of a people's Lenny Bruce.

These same rigid concepts, based totally on what is good for business, directly affect the audience as well as the entertainers. The idea is propagated that the correct behaviour is to be cool, hip, basically unemotional. We are being conditioned to relate to the most powerful art form ever developed by closing our minds, making our bodies rigid and as far as possible becoming unresponsive.

This is bullshit.

And coupled with deliberate low energy, laid back music, it is a piece of media repression, far worse than the patriotic songs of World War One, or the ain't-it-nice-to-be-poor songs of the depression.

The great power of rock is that it enables us to integrate our minds and bodies, it opens us to each other in physical trust, so a community can come together in strength and joy.

ROCK CAN HELP CREATE A FREE PEOPLE.

It has been subverted, but it can be won back. We need to stage our own events, to re-channel funds, to push forward with the trips, the lightshows, the other non-musical artists. We need to adapt technology to total participation.

We also have to open ourselves, to not be afraid to respond. If you jump and shout to a high energy band, and someone near you stares disdainfully and mutters "uncool" don't worry.

He isn't more enlightened.

He is lost and needs help.

Rock liberation is a struggle, it can however be a joyous one. Sure we need the money.

WE NEED THE POWER OF ROCK AS THE MEDIUM OF A FREE PEOPLE FAR MORE.

MICK FARREN

DEATH OF AN OCEAN

The Irish Sea is dying! This report on the state of the sea on Britain's West coast, compiled by the Liverpool Free Press, brings home with terrifying realism the facts about pollution in that area and the local authorities' minimal efforts to combat it.

The River Mersey sails into Liverpool Bay. It flushes more than 30,000 million gallons of crude sewage and 19,000 million gallons of industrial waste into the bay each year.

But Liverpool Bay behaves in a similar way to a fatal locked sea. When the tide turns the sewage and waste swirls back. And so the concentration of the bacteria increases, and the effect of a polluted sea on marine life worsens.

Heavy metals kill off plankton. Plankton is a food source for shrimps. The top landings at Southport have fallen dramatically over the past few years, emphasizing the lesson that has to be learned.

The murkier the sea becomes, the less light there is available to marine plant life, and so plant life retreats. As plant life declines, the sea gets less of the oxygen produced by the plants. Fish begin to retreat.

As the oxygen level drops, the water stagnates and the sea and river begin to silt.

That is the process that has already begun, rather apes, which accounts for the stench hanging over the river around Widnes and Warrington. At that point the river is narrow and slow flowing, with a low level of oxygen and an extremely low level of industrial pollution.

As well as the sewage and effluent, 650,000 tons of untreated human waste from Bury, Oldham, Rochdale, Stockport, Manchester and Salford are dumped each year by ships owned by Manchester and Salford Councils.

At a 400,000-ton-a-day industrial waste is dumped by M-rate 11 speeds (Purcell) Ltd. on Girs on Black and Effluent Serv. es of Horca are not Docs. Manchester is the driving force behind a consortium of 49 local authorities who

want to pump 5 000,000 tons of human excrement into the sea by the year 2000.

The 1971 report of the Royal Commission on Pollution confirmed that there was evidence of local effects in the growth of marine plants (Levermore, Bay).

If the oceans and the Lake Erie industry, Liverpool Bay will become a dead sea. Lake Erie, like in the United States, it will have been sacrificed to the increased profits of industry.

PADDLING IN THE SHIT

MERSI YSIDERS basks in the sea off the beaches between West Kirby and Seaforth Ferry and enjoys the sandy beaches at Formby and Ormsby.

Every mile of the area is affected by visible sewage. One high tide on 5 November 1972 assisted by a high wind deposited sewage in New Brighton from much as 10 miles away.

The Mercers and their friends, and I, in taking a walk on it with no power of regard, the ground could not avoid getting their shoes soiled with its ooze.

But it can't hurt to be kept aware, now that is a cause I can join in. Domestic abuse is a health hazard.

Mr. J. J. O'Sullivan, but governor. Located here and Western
South Eastern J. in C. committee saw sawage has far reaching
effects on fisheries and other aspects of marine waters.

1. Cole the bacteria caught in the blood has been measured in bacteria reaches. The bacteria reaches varies between 10 to 500 per c. of blood.

Beetles with over 120 pieces are regarded as very unusual
specimens.

In water with over 100 ft. and per cent subnormal parapneustic fluid layer in late 1 or more than distal segments, common.

In late colonial times, the Mediterranean's safety
level was low.

After A.I. O'Sullivan's 1964 Free Press report that the city's sewerage department might be hoarding hazardous waste materials, which included pathogenic bacteria, viruses, and other types of organisms,

"Folklore is most useful for the purpose of the novel, but only in the water & it proves to themselves so not a danger but some in danger, the folklorist is disinterested, leaving his arms and without his eyes."

THE POISONERS

Proximity industrial waste found off marine life and a hazard to fish of the coast where people fishes being dumped in Bayview, 1815

Samples analyzed for the first time show that Mammals (Chinchilla, Akodon, Shell Moll. Gabbion, Schwappes, ICI, Lacle, BICI, and others are among the pelty compa-
SOURCES were taken in the lakes and mountains of the
efficiency from these firms. Other samples were taken in the hills
of the hills, the lakes, and the forests. The samples were
owned by different persons, and Marine there is a large

All these samples were described by the army, the navy, the air force, the coast guard, the fire and police, and the health authorities.

The samples for alkali metal analysis included a mix paste and all grades. They contained a trace of ammonia, sulphate, sodium, potassium, copper and brown oxide.

fly stool of one sample resembled that of liquor from a

paperworks. Another substance smeared of organic solvents similar to alcohols or ketones.

Several of the liquid samples were inflammable and the vapors given off by one sample was also inflammable. An other sample appeared to be an emulsion of mineral water or blood.

Separate samples taken at random from the 300,000 lbs of industrial sluff that dumped each year show that 1 semi. hydrocarbons and mercury, glass and cyanide, zinc and the residue from the manufacture of rocket fuel are also being dumped into the bay.

The Department of the Interior claims to have no knowledge of what and how much is being dumped. They claim that any survey to get that information would need the cooperation of landward and seafarers, who might regard some of their data as confidential.

Mr Sam Smith, a Southampton-based journalist, claims that the bus, draped in heavy metals at Liverpool Bay, could eventually be ethically the public's pet beach.

on the beach in glimmering speck of cyanide, which would be instantly fatal. Says Strain:

HOW UNILEVER PUTS
DIRT INTO YOUR TIDE

Under present conditions the only way untreated industrial waste into the Mersey every day nearer twice as much as the 700 tons a day in 1911. The profits this year for the company are estimated to amount to £25,000.

admirer of the Father himself. I had spoke with
stated point and more in fact they have spent 2 years and
my young life effort they put on the. Means I feel more
though the product is not in more cost no a price
I feel to be that we still expect to prove down the economy
I think the answer

I do not forget, and Judge, the Under Secretary, which makes it impossible to ignore Messrs. Moore and Hester. And the other two, who were taking no part in the

[illegible][illegible]

The N. of the paper is a very fine, very thin
1200 to 1300 ft. in length. It is very good
with a very fine, very thin, very good
there is a very fine, very thin, very good
but it is

ALL TALK AND NO BLAME

Pollution is only tackled when the remedy does not unduly



WISE OLD SAM AND HIS DOG BRING YOU

de Goodo

ON THE ROCK
SCENE.

Festivals:

Fun Frolics, Fuck-ups and Fascism

The organisers behind the Canterbury Festival who had to abandon their original intention to stage the Whitsum Festival (May 26-29) at Bishopsbourne are now experiencing further difficulties, this time over a proposed second site which Les near Maldon in Essex. Local villagers are already worried, frightened, uptight and up in arms, no doubt because they've loyally swallowed the propaganda fed to them by such vicious attacks as that to be seen in The Daily Telegraph on 7th March. Here, sample a few quotes "a horde of strangers of an alien and uncouth nature and sometimes of terrifying experience and habits, descends upon some small village, out-numbering its inhabitants five hundred times over..." and "...where a hundred thousand or more, some aren't [!], are gathered together in various states of chemical and auricular derangements" or, as Jim Hendrix would have said, blah, blah, woof, woof. Anyhow, to get back to Maldon, the farmer who has consented to let his land for the site has to obtain his licence from the Special Purposes Committee of Essex County Council. Even if he gets it, the local residents intend to fight it all the way. "We shall picket like the miners," they say. Meanwhile, we spend a great deal of time sitting on our arses contemplating all this.

Bickershawe or Bust

Never mind, we can move them and make bodily contact with the damp earth on 5th May, 6th and 7th, because by some miracle or fate, the Bickershawe Festival is still on! The Greatful Dead, Country Joe, Donovan, New Riders of the Purple Sage, Pacific Gas and Electric, Quicksilver and last but not least Joes Lights are confirmed to appear one way or another...

Weird Scenes Inside the Gold Mine

After the amazing step of actually allowing the Pink Fairies to perform at Implosion, Huw Price prior to the band going on for their set, had this to say to guitarist Blackie, quote "It'll be a very heavy scene if any of you lot say anything on stage about the accounts," unquote. Okay, okay waiting to hear from you, then Huw, we're not accustomed to your silence and, oh, just the facts and figures please, never mind the heavy stuff (he said, cowering behind his pen)... ..

Midnight Raiders of the West (London, that is)

A Branch of the Midnight Raiders militant arm of the Rock Liberation Front—issued a communique distributed in the streets of West London a week or so back specifying their exact aims. The prime objective is to liberate suitable buildings with a view to giving rock and rol. concerts. Also, they hope to eventually set up a freak community service.

Stars'n'Stripes

Roughly seventy-five per cent of all gigs by the MC5 given here have been terminated half way through by the pigs. We can't go on snorting like this.

Temperatures are Rising...And the Juke Box Blowing a Fuse

Apart from all his other projects, media magician John Lennon is steering "Rolling Stone" over a paperback they're putting out "Lennon Remembers". He's claiming that although he gave them the rights for an interview in the paper, they had no right to make it into a book. According to close associate Jerry Rubin, Lennon

felt sufficiently uptight about it to add these words in a whisper at the close of his next record—"Rolling Stone is a pig." Strong stuff. Other news of Lennon to reach us from New York suggests that he and Yoko plan to join George Harrison for a series of gigs across the States with Elephant's Memory. This would seem to put paid to Lennon's plans for Ireland for the time being. Perhaps John is having second thoughts, or perhaps he's merely learning to walk over deep water. It's funny, so many of John's plans don't seem to be materialising. Still, if there's no evidence of the staying power of ideals anywhere else at least they stay in our heads.

Festival Sites to be Requisitioned for Hippie Concentration camps?

Don't forget there's a protest march on the 24th, that's this week. Go to Trafalgar Square where you meet up with everyone else. When we are all gathered we will proceed to the House of Commons where we will let it be known just what we think about this Night Assemblies Bill. Keep your freak flags flying 'cos the shit's starting to come down really heavy (and perhaps for the pigs to roll in).

Hart of Gold

"Protestant Minister" Leonard Hart has gone to jail for six months for embezzling £30,000 out of the Grateful Dead during his days as their manager. Hart is the father of Mickey, drummer with the group until recently. According to his defense lawyers, Mr Hart was a changed man, completely rehabilitated, someone fortunate enough to have been "touched by the Lord." The judge remained untouched, however.

Frank Confessions of Love

Trevor Howell, infamous for pushing Zappa off the stage at the Rainbow, got twelve months for it at the Old Bailey the other week. Howell who pleaded guilty to maliciously inflicting grievous bodily harm on Zappa, was given a sentence of nine months plus an additional three of a suspended sentence for a previous offence. Howell's act was motivated by his chuck's "love" for Frank. Up he jumped onto the stage and pushed Zappa off. Consequently Zappa spent six weeks in hospital recovering from a fractured leg and numerous cuts and bruises.

continued on page 44



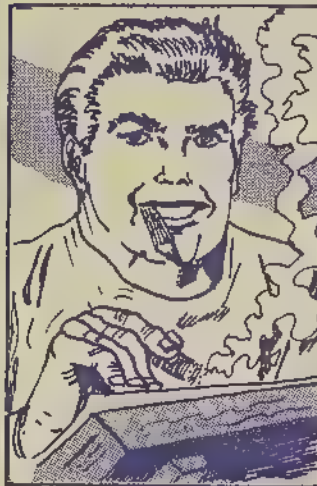
Jack Kirby's 'Fourth World' to be found amidst the pages of American National's "New Gods", "Forever People", "Mister Miracle" and the re-vitalised "Jimmy Olsen" is considered by most of his fans to be the zenith of his career, which began long ago in the mid thirties. Certainly, he has to be congratulated by all for undertaking such a mammoth task for not only is Jack applying his usual fine technique to drawing these epics but he's writing them too, now, with a script style that's full of finesse and wit. Only with sheer enthusiasm for the project could Kirby manage to muster the energy for an involvement such as this. It wouldn't be unfair to Tolkein to equate Kirby's Fourth World with the time and energy that must have been put into "Lord of the Rings". For Jack though it hasn't always been this way.

"King" Kirby—as he's known to everyone inside and outside the comics business—a short and stocky man now of fifty five years of age, was born in the ghetto districts of New York on the morning of August 28th 1917. He grew up in the district during the Depression where he had more than ample opportunity to study human characteristics good and bad in preparation to aid him immensely in his developments on the drawing board later on in his career. For a time having left school, he sold newspapers in the Bronx and through following the daily syndicated strips became keen enough to pursue sketching as a hobby. Every spare moment he'd be drawing away like a man possessed. With a strong will and

determination he eventually got good enough to land himself a post on one such syndicated strip. The fact that Jack saw his work being reproduced in countless small newspapers throughout the country gave him the confidence to try for bigger things.

His imagination fired, Jack then suffered the frustration of not finding a way to fulfil his desires—to express himself explicitly and not be a lackey for others. Biding his time at the Max Fleischer Studios assisting on animated cartoons Kirby eventually saw his chance with the oncoming comics boom.

Interest in the comic strip was now at such a peak it had become viable to put them out in book form, employing the four colour process format as we know them today. National were already at the fore having made a hit with "Superman". Timely Publications set up competition and Jack got a job on "Captain America" illustrating stories written by one Joe Simon. This strip, in common with many



others Kirby was to become associated with in the war years, was filled with blatant propaganda, in this case with Captain America and boy Bucky fighting Nazism in the shape of the Red Skull with a swastika emblashed upon his forehead. A year or so later Kirby was enticed by National where he worked on "Sandman", "Manhunter", "The Boy Commandos" and "The Newsboy Legion" (inspired by his own days in the Bronx selling papers). Eventually Kirby himself just after finding himself a bride, was enlisted to fight Nazism in the shape of Adolf Hitler.

Having survived all the dangers of the Third Reich, Jack returned to comics and continued going back and forth with National and Timely for many years, consistently turning out many fine strips. Came the fifties and Kirby considered it time for a shake up. For him, everything was getting stale, new concepts were needed. Sales were still okay (though later on in the decade they were to suffer severely, due to the horror comics scare which in turn brought the Comics Code Authority into being, thus stifling enterprise further), but the old ideas were completely exhausted and for Jack boredom had set in. Effectively he was still at the mercy of the big boss men, still, in fact, a lackey. For a while Jack found a little relief with his experiments during the short-lived 3-D phase ("Captain 3-D") but when this petered out (it was after all only a

novelty, the glasses and all), Kirby became thoroughly disheartened. National, still the leaders, were sticking rigidly to a successful formula, consequently becoming complacent and disinterested in new ideas and approaches. Kirby wanted out.

It was not until the early sixties and the event of Marvel with "The Fantastic Four" and "Thor" that things began to swing Kirby's way. In collaboration with Stan Lee, Kirby produced with those strips a whole array of characters and continuing storylines which were to eventually alter the whole concept of comics for ever after spreading their influence everywhere. Although Stan was always seeking the credit, it's generally held by those who know that Kirby had more of a hand in the creation of characters such as the "Silver Surfer", "The Black Panther", and "Galactus" than is actually acknowledged.

Perhaps this is one of the reasons Jack was to eventually leave Marvel and give National—who had finally woken up to what was going on—his guiding hand. Anyhow, Kirby's work at Marvel reached its pinnacle around '65 and '66, then began a slow but sure gradual downward slide which took all of the next five years before coming to a final halt. He was feeling restless again and wanted to fulfil his own ideas, of which he had formulated many. Fed up with the role of a paid hand, Kirby finally fulfilled his wish to be his own man when he split from Marvel in 1970 and proceeded to unload his head at National, much to their delight—and that's just what he's been doing ever since, much to their advantage.

Explore the 'Fourth World' of Jack Kirby at your leisure. Incidentally, if you have any difficulties obtaining copies of "New Gods", etc., go to Dark They Were and Golden Eyed, 10 Berwick Street, W1, where Bram and Diane will be pleased to help you.

BO

Next issue **KRUNCH** will give you some stuff on **STERANKO!!**



TAKEN A BUNCH OF MANES? DON'T BELLADONA? CHEAP ACID? THEN REMEMBER

THE VAMPIRE

WALKS AMONG US

BY JIM FLYNN

Many years ago, long before the flood and long before what we call history, there were gods upon this planet. Minor deities, it is true, we might be more inclined to call them space travellers or supermen, but to the early inhabitants of this world they were gods.

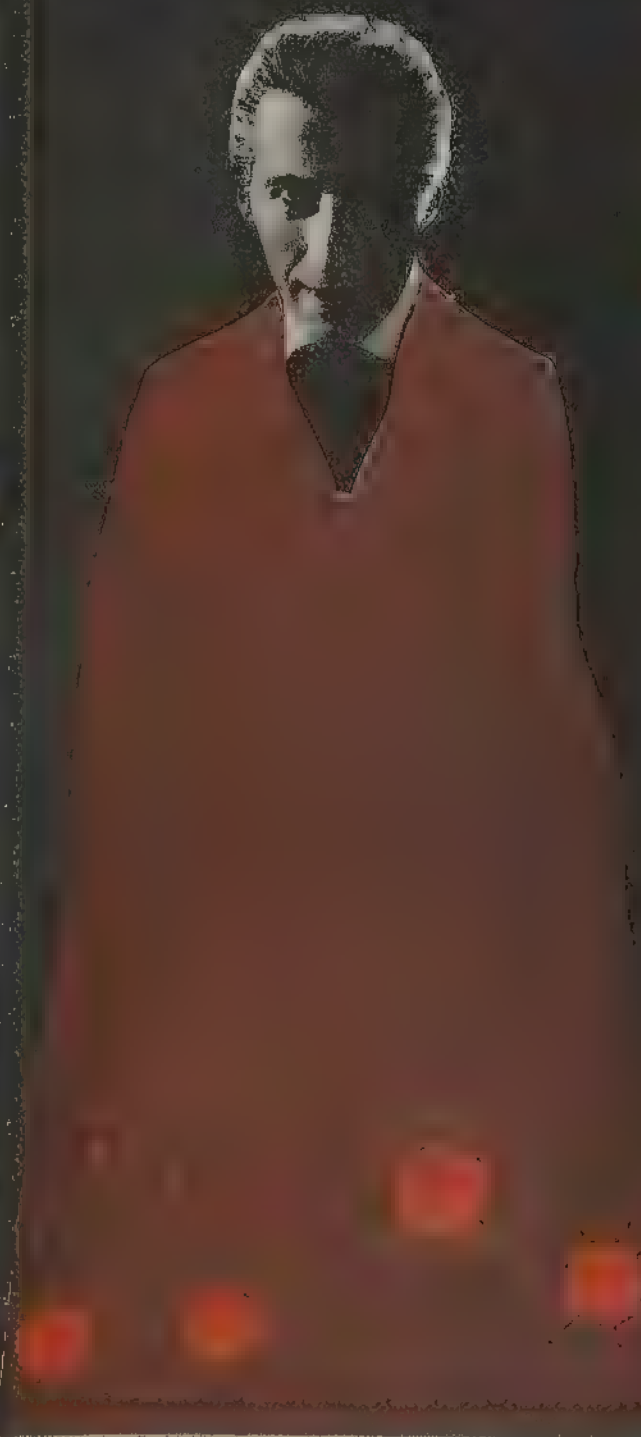
There could have been two kinds of visitors to this planet: those who found the atmosphere and food of this world to their liking, and those who, coming from a much stranger place, though able to survive, could only exist in certain parts of the world: the "high places" where the air is thinner and contains less oxygen, and these visitors could only eat certain foods: mainly the blood of man.

The Maya, a mysterious, ancient themselves, believed in the existence of successive worlds, each of which had been destroyed by a flood. Although they had their "great gods," they also possessed what might be called "secondary gods," who were more intimately concerned in daily life. These gods were either benevolent or malevolent towards man. The Maya made blood sacrifices to their gods, but not necessarily fatal sacrifices: they drew blood from the lobe of the ear, the nose, forehead, cheek, lower arm, leg or genital organs. Before the sacrifices the people fasted, eating no meat, salt or pimento. The blood sacrifice was sprinkled on the idols of their gods. Perhaps once upon a time the Maya had a particularly fussy eater for their god.

The Maya practised dental mutilation, cutting the incisors of each upper jaw with small circular blocks of iron by the physician or more rarely jade "scholar." The Maya god of rain is represented by a long nose, similar to an elephant's trunk, and two prominent teeth. He wears a knotted headband and his beard. As with his being the god of rain, he presides over wind, thunder and lightning, being a god of fertility and agriculture.

They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery: man has always imitated what he considers greater than himself. Man is also prone to overdoing the imitation and carries it to excess in his praise.

If the Vampire Gods did exist, the bloody sacrifices of the Aztecs and many other races, including our own, may not



There have been recent experiments conducted on the 'Pyramid of Chephren' by a team of scientists who have been attempting to discover the hidden chambers and passages reputed to honeycomb all of the Giza complex. The 'Times' newspaper published the following report about these experiments on July 14th, 1969.

"Scientists who have been trying to X ray (actually they used cosmic rays, the Pyramid of Chephren at Giza near Cairo, are baffled by mysterious influences that are throwing into utter confusion the readings of their space-age electronic equipment. For 24 hours



a day for more than a year, in the hope of finding secret chambers thought to exist within the six-million-ton mass of the pyramid, they have been recording on magnetic tape the pattern of cosmic rays reaching its interior.

The idea is that as the rays strike the pyramid uniformly from all directions they should, if the pyramid is solid, be recorded uniformly by a detector in the chamber at the bottom. But if there were vaults above the detector, they would let more rays through than the solid areas, thereby revealing their existence. More than one million dollars and thousands of man hours have been spent on the project which was expected to reach a climax a few months ago when the latest IBM 1130 computer was delivered to El-Shams University, near Cairo.

At El-Shams, Dr. Amr Gohed, in charge of the installation at the pyramid, showed me the new IBM 1130 computer surrounded by hundreds of tins of recordings from the pyramid, stacked up in date order. Though hesitant at first, he told me of the impasse that had been reached. 'It defies all the known laws of science and electronics,' he said, picking up a tin of recordings. He put the tape through the computer, which traced the pattern of cosmic ray particles on paper. He then selected a recording made the next day and put it through the computer. But the recorded

pattern was completely different. 'This is scientifically impossible,' he told me after a long discussion I asked Dr Gohed, 'Has all this scientific know-how been rendered useless by some force beyond man's comprehension?'

He hesitated before replying then said 'Either the geometry of the pyramid is in substantial error, which would affect our readings or there is a mystery which is beyond explanation - call it what you will, occultism, the curse of the pharaohs, sorcery or magic - there is some force that defies the laws of science at work in the pyramids!'"

It is evident from this report that strong traces of the 'cosmic energy' always associated with these buildings still linger in their vicinity today.



The two main Pyramids so far discussed must be the two 'Siriadic Columns' mentioned in the ancient texts as the original pillars of the pre-dynastic wisdom. Along with the much smaller building known as the pyramid of Mycerinus or Rhodopus, they constitute three major relics of the Atlantean world.

This latter pyramid although much smaller than its two companions (about 240 feet high) is interesting because it was superimposed upon an even smaller, earlier structure whose entrance was blocked by the new building. There are a series of strangely unbalanced chambers carved into this pyramid that seem to indicate that its plans were quite extensively altered after its initial construction. The alignments of these galleries closely follow the positions of various stars at azimuthal points and show that although it was more limited in conception, it still adhered to the pattern of cosmic science maintained by its adjacent neighbours.

A curious but important anomaly common to the three Giza pyramids is that of lighting. Although they all have extensive galleries and high chambers there is no trace anywhere upon their stone walls of the accumulation of soot and dirt commensurate with the burning of rush torches and oil lamps. These are alleged to have been the only form of lighting available to

the ancient Egyptians, but the walls are all smooth and devoid of any markings of fire or holes to take cressets and metal rush holders. It is obvious that some other more sophisticated form of lighting must have been employed, and one can only visualize some sort of psychic electricity. This would have been generated from the building's 'natural power' system as described above.

The Giza Pyramid Complex makes no sense when studied from the viewpoint of the orthodox Egyptologist. It must be seen as part of the Atlantean inheritance, preserved, guarded and finally abused by the countless generations of men who followed the Atlantean masters. The early annals of Egypt are rich with hints of these 'Wizards' and 'Gods', who were alleged to have ruled thousands of years before the less glorious 'Ages of Men' commenced. In Book II of his monumental 'History' Herodotus (480-425 BC) wrote of a personal visit he made to Thebes, the old capital of Egypt. Here he was shown a gigantic hall filled with the stone statues of High-Priests and Herodotus maintained that he counted 341 individual statues. The current priests informed him that these enshrined sages had all ruled their allotted span and that the records stretched back in unbroken line for 11,250 years! The priests also told Herodotus that scribes had noted these records for 341 generations and what's more:

"the Gods lived among us during the first generation but there have been no Gods visiting our land for the succeeding 340 generations."

Herodotus also quotes the Egyptians as claiming that their remotest ancestors in the 'Lands of the West' were the oldest men on earth! This fits with the much later writing of the historian Diodorus (1st century BC) who, drawing on now lost source documents, tells how the Egyptians claimed their earliest ancestors were 'strangers' who settled in the Nile Delta. They allegedly carried with them the high civilization of their mother country, the art of writing and a fluent and complex language. Diodorus wrote:

"They had come from the direction of the Setting Sun and described themselves as the most ancient of men."

In these fragmentary records there can be seen the shadowy images of the Atlanteans who left the Great Pyramids permanently implanted in the fertile soil of their most favoured colony. For ever after the Egyptians tried (with not inconsiderable success) to emulate the mighty works of their forebears and the later stone monuments bear mute and respectful evidence of this emulation.

ANTHONY ROBERTS



graphics by Livingstone and Creem (UPS)

The second part of IT's Bob Dylan biography —
from 'The Times They Are A'Changing' to 'George Jackson'

How Does it Feel?

Bob Dylan

PART 2

WHEN "THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'", Dylan's third album, came out, his head was already in a different space. It got very embarrassing for those who still treated him as a left wing political spokesman. At the end of the year he was awarded the Tom Paine Award of the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee for his contribution to the civil rights movement. This was only a few weeks after the murder of John Kennedy, and the audience was shocked when Dylan in his acceptance speech said that he felt some affinity with Lee Oswald. "This is free speech", he said, but was forced by the civil rights supporters to stop. Before that he had, however, managed to tell them they were too old and should get out of the way, and that in Washington he "didn't see any Negroes that looked like none of my friends. My friends don't wear suits. My friends don't have to wear any kind of thing to prove they're respectable people."

In February 1964 Dylan got the urge to ramble, "Stop in bars and poolhalls and talk to real people. Talk to farmers. Talk to miners. That's where it's at. That's real." He didn't exactly do it Woody Guthrie style. In a station wagon supplied by Grossman he set out with Paul Clayton and Victor Maimudes, his constant bodyguards, and a journalist, Pete Karman. Their first stop was Charlottesville, Virginia, where some kids spotted Dylan in a record store buying up all the copies of his latest album. Unfortunately for the fans they clearly didn't qualify as "real", because Dylan's reaction was "Man, there's a lot of people in here. Let's split."

Next Dylan paid a call on Carl Sandburg and laid an album on him ("I'm a poet, too"). Sandburg had never heard of him and Dylan's ego was hurt. But in Kentucky Dylan achieved his ambition of meeting a real miner, and the whole bunch of freaks bought him drinks and rapped on him how groovy it must be to be a miner.

Wherever they went Dylan had a large envelope full of grass waiting for him at the Post Office. He kept his stash on the dashboard in a jar clearly labelled 'Marijuana'. "If a cop stops us we'll tell him we're English and carry our own tea." When a



cop did stop them, for passing a funeral cortege, they got off by saying they were a group. Those were the days.

On the way Dylan played a few concerts, including busking on a street corner, another brief secret identity to the cries of 'you sound just like Bob Dylan'. Bob shrugged and said "He's alright, I guess."

SPEEDING AND STONED they cruised through the South, shouting "Motherfuckers!" at the rednecks. They hit New Orleans for Mardi Gras in now classic hippie manner, and were thrown out of black bars that feared trouble with white p.g.s. All along the way Dylan kept writing songs. *Chimes of Freedom* originated on this trip. Karman, the journalist, was pretty freaked by the time they got to the West Coast, Dylan grossed him out and he split. "I'm going back to New York before I get as crazy as you guys are."

Later that spring Dylan played concerts in England for the first time. British rock music was entering a high energy period, spear-headed by the Beatles and the Stones, and Dylan picked up on it all. He was knocked out by Eric Burdon's version of *House of the Rising Sun*. He spent some time with the Beatles and turned them on to dope, and has remained friends especially with Lennon.

Back in Woodstock his head continued going through changes. "I'm hungry and restless, and pretty damn wretched. I used to think I was smart, but I don't know any more. Don't even know if I'm normal." The kids on the street found some of their own changes reflected in "Another Side of Bob Dylan", which was released in the summer, but the old folk music crowd at the Newport Festival were uptight about the material ("I wouldn't mind so much if he sang just one song about the war," someone said).

The next year he did another series of concerts with Joan Baez, this time sharing the billing, and afterwards she accompanied him to England, expecting to guest star on his second British tour, the one Pennesbaker filmed as "Don't Look Back". But Dylan wouldn't let her on stage and she finally walked out, documented by the film cameras. "Bringing It All

Back Home had just sold a million copies and Dylan, encouraged by Grossman, was totally into being a rock and roll star. That was his final break with Joanne. When he got back to New York he stayed at the Chelsea with Sarah Lowndes, the girl he later married.

AS A ROCK AND ROLL STAR, his next move was to get a single in the charts. It was a classic *Like a Rolling Stone*. As with *Positively 4th Street* later the same year, a lot of people were very worried that it was about them.

1965 was the year of "*Highway 61 Revisited*". It was also the year he really upset the old school at the Newport Folk Festival. He had been practising with rock musicians: the Band, Mike Bloomfield, and at Newport he got together with the Butterfield Blues Band. He came on stage all dressed in black with an electric guitar, and the amazed crowd slowly started to boo as he and the Butterfield band went through *Maggie's Farm* and *Like a Rolling Stone*. Some say that this wasn't simply the response of outraged folk purists but that it started by a few people in front shouting to turn down the band's volume because Dylan couldn't make himself heard. In any case Bob got angry and stalked off, but was persuaded to return with an acoustic guitar and sing *Mr. Tambourine Man* for the kiddies.

At his next major concerts Bob did first an acoustic set and then one with a rock band, consisting of Robbie Robertson, Levon Helm, Al Kooper and Harvey Brooks. There were no more protests from the audience although the folk music press accused him of having "sold out." "Only to God," said Allen Ginsberg.

Grossman made Dylan spend most of the next twelve months touring with the Band. This included concerts in Europe, where he got booed in Paris and at the Royal Albert Hall. He was completely strung out on speed or heroin, tense and vicious. An old mate of his fallen on hard times, went to visit him but didn't last five minutes. "Are you hungry?" Bob said. "Sure am!" "Have a cookie. You very hungry?" "Have two cookies." During this period he still managed to record "*Blonde on Blonde*" which was released in the middle of 1966.

HIS MOTORCYCLE ACCIDENT happened on the 30th July near his home in Woodstock. He was riding his Triumph 500, the back wheel locked and he crashed, breaking several vertebrae in his neck. He was unconscious in hospital for a time and then had a spell of amnesia. For nearly a year he kept to his home, refusing to see anyone, while the

rumours grew around him. Not until May 1967 was it reliably reported that he was alive, sane and well.

Little is known about that year, except that he survived and went on writing. With the Band, living in nearby Big Pink, he made the much bootlegged basement tapes. But the first thing the public heard after "*Blonde on Blonde*" was the "*John Wesley Harding*" album, full of biblical imagery. Dylan's voice had changed and on the cover he was shorthaired and smiling. The key is Frank.

"*Nashville Skyline*", recorded at the end of 1968, was country pie for all the family. At least the duet with Johnny Cash should not have been surprising, since they'd known each other for six years. The partnership was continued when Dylan appeared on the Johnny Cash TV show. But his first public appearance after the accident was in New York with the Band, at a Woody Guthrie memorial concert (another surprise appearance was at the Hubbing High School reunion, 1969).

In 1969 Dylan moved back from Woodstock to Greenwich Village, now complete with wife and five children. He offered Albert Grossman, he started seeking out old friends. His return to the roots seemed almost to have gone too far when, in 1970, he put out "*Self Portrait*" with songs like *Let It Be Me* and *Blue Moon*. It made people like A J Weberman, lurking in his garbage, very upset.

He also made 200,000 people very upset at the Isle of Wight that year. The tension had been mounting all weekend and late on Sunday night the new style Dylan came on, white suit and beard like a summer Santa Claus, and did a short set, singing *Like a Rolling Stone* as if he never meant a word of it.

SOME MORE PEOPLE DIDN'T LIKE IT when Dylan accepted an honorary Doctorate of Music from Princeton. He even put it into a song, *Day of the Locusts* on the "*New Morning*" album, released in October 1970. More and more people started listening to bootlegs and more and more bootlegged Dylan material hit the streets: tapes of old concerts, unreleased songs, alternative takes of album tracks. These were the roots his audience wanted to get back to.

Another widespread bootleg was "*Tarantula*", so nobody noticed it much when it finally was published. In an interview in 1963 Dylan first mentioned that he was writing a book, and he was quickly signed up by Macmillan. A lot of the book was written at Joan Baez's place at Carmel, trying to meet a deadline.

line. After his accident he gave up the book as a bad job, but changed his mind and okayed it for publication in 1971. This might seem as an indication that he is beginning to respond to the pressures and demands of the public expressed in bootlegging and loudly voiced in the underground press. Another sign of this could be the inclusion on the Greatest Hits Vol. 2 album of new recordings of three of the basement songs and the old *Tomorrow is a Long Time*. There is also a new song, *When I Burn my Masterpiece*, with Leon Russell.

I'm not responsible for those kids, then old Joan Baez, years ago. While Bob Dylan was hiding out in Woodstock and playing country music, redneck music, "those kids" were out in the streets, acting not too far from the edge of being

responsible for each other. Bobby subscribed, instead, to the Jewish Defence League (in the name of Zimmelman, although he legally changed his name to Dylan in 1962).

In the light of this it is hard to know what to make of the *George Jackson* single, except to be grateful for it. Even Dylan's voice sounds like it did in the early days, and his anger and intellect in the death of George Jackson seem genuine. Nothing else he's put out in the last few years. One would prefer to ignore the suspicion that it is yet another Dylan con track, but on the basis of one single it is impossible to make any predictions. In fact, on the basis of the Bob Dylan story, so far, predictions are the last thing one wants to make.



JOHN PRINE
(Atlantic)

The name is nondescript enough, and from the photo on the sleeve I didn't really feel like playing the album at all. Except that I heard two tracks on the radio that made me write down his name and investigate further. And it was worth it.

As the album's recorded in Memphis and his voice has that familiar whine, he's presumably from around there. C & W isn't the brand of music I dig much usually, but John Prine is gonna make it for sure on the strength of this debut album.

All 13 tracks are self-penned, and there's not a bummer amongst them. Strains of Woody Guthrie, Cisco Houston and countless other "greats" but most of all, Dylan. The young Dylan is there right through, except John has a better voice and a less revengeful, slightly more tender attitude.

It's almost impossible to select a special track after only a few hearings but Sam Stone stands out for me. A Vietnam veteran, shipped home with some physical injury and indelible mental shock, hooked on morphine.

"There's a hole in daddy's arm
Where all the money goes" and
"And Sammy took to stealing
When he got that empty feeling
For a hundred dollar habit,
without overtime."

Hackneyed as they sound, I quote part of the sleeve notes by Kris Kristofferson as a lucid guide to this album.

"Sam Stone, Donald & Lydia. The one about the Old Folks. 24 years old and he writes like he's 200. I don't know where he comes from, but I've a good idea where he's going. We went away believers, reminded how goddamned good it feels to be turned on by a real Creative imagination." The name's John Prine.

Jaymie.

COMMUNITY MUSIC

The Greasy Truckers HAVE got their shit together and will be putting on "Puttruck!", their alternative show to the Roundhouse's Implosion (and hopefully the first of many) in a converted church on the Upper Richmond Road on 26th of this month. Among those expressing interest are Hawkwind, Man, Brinsley Schwartz, Help Yourself and Stealer's Wheel, who all hope to play. The Truckers are only charging 30p per head as opposed to the current Implosion 50p charge. A second show is already lined up on 16th April and there should be something on every Sunday after. If you

are pissed off with Implosion and all its implications, catch a tube to East Putney on 26th March and join the three hundred or so others who are having a good time.

BLACK CLOUDS OVER THE RAINBOW

On March 12th London's leading big name rock venue, The Rainbow, closed with virtually no warning after just four months operation, it's company Sundancer is going into immediate liquidation. Earlier on in the week, having consulted the various shareholders involved—amongst them EMI and Jagger—a decision was reached by manager John Morris to close immediately after Saturday's Humble Pie show. Thus angry ticket holders on Sunday afternoon found themselves an empty theatre, no sign of the Soft Machine and certainly no pots of gold.....

What went wrong?

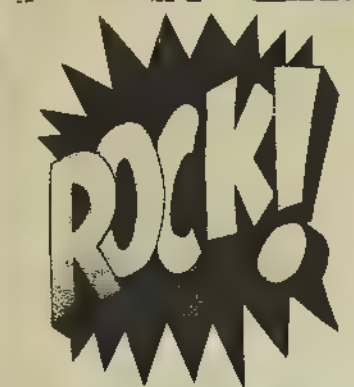
Well, the root cause is money or rather people's abuse of it. Running the Rainbow cost £3,500 every week and this apart from artistes' fees! "To break even," according to Morris, "we had to have three guaranteed sellout concerts every week and four to make enough money to keep the hounds at bay. With the initial enthusiasm in starting the project, we naively overlooked the fact that there are just not that many acts with the kind of drawing power needed to sustain us through the year."

In January the discovery was made that the budget for launching the Rainbow had already been exceeded, a lot of bread being wasted on personal expenses keeping various freeloaders happy. Efforts were made to tighten up but by then it was already too late. If there had been more coordination between the production side and the business side, things may have been a little different but everyone was too busy hiding their assets to come out in the open.

THE SEIGEL SCHWALL BAND (RCA Victor)

When did you last see a good ol' British blues band up there grinding out Elmore James? The genre was ailing when John Mayall crossed Laurel Canyon back in 1969 and was quite extinct by the time he returned for his percussionless European tour.

Not in the USA, however, where the appetite for 'British blues' a la Savoy Brown, Chicken Shack and Free provided and still provides, for





Savoy Brown at least, a fairly lucrative existence. America has its purists too but there is a large college following for white blues stars, and they have the taste to appreciate the various geographical inflections of the music, the harsh West Texas of the Winter brothers, the mellower Atlanta sound of the late Greg Allman, all-nite boogies on the Coast, and the haunting sound of the Loop, home of city blues. The two main white sounding bands to come out of Chicago have been Butterfield and Seigal Schwall and they have diverged, even within their Chicago blues framework to an interesting degree. Paul Butterfield has had his ups and downs with various musicians—Bloomfield, Alvin Bishop, Goldberg, Gene Dinwiddie, etc., but Corky Siegel and Jim Schwall have kept down to a simple fourpiece like they started with, and are playing stuff on this album very like they've been doing since 1966.

The live sound is stark and slick with no histrionics (it's hard to be Robert Plant in a tiny cellar-club like the Quiet Knight) and no virtuoso guitar breaks either (some wailing Butterfield harp tho'). The album won't sell in Britain (a) because it has a bad cover and (b) because the attitude of narrow purism advocated by magazines like 'Blues Unlimited' make it unacceptable to the blues freak, and the prevailing media attitudes about white blues bands make it unacceptable to the self regarding 'progressive' freak.

Which is a shame, because it's about time they got a break over here.

Wise Old Sam's Gnu.

IKE & TINA TURNER 'NUFF SAID (United Artists)

What we got here is a healthy dose of processed jive. I own every single Ike & Tina Turner album I've ever been able to lay my hands on, and let me tell ya, a few of them twenty odd albums are no good. But usually the bad ones were floor scrapings put together by a record company after I & T.T. had moved on. 'Nuff Said is technically perfect but nothing on it is very exciting.

The album was recorded in Ike's spiffy new recording studio and from the production standpoint it's their best album since Outta Season. Unlike River Deep and Mountain High and Come Together you don't have to deal with annoying shifts in production quality from cut to cut. Apparently Ike now has the means

at his disposal to do it exactly the way he wants with no compromises. Well folks, this time around his amusement is out boredom. In short, Ike went bananas, over-dubbing every cut, and generally being eclectic until even Tina's voice couldn't carry the load. She gives it a good try on "Baby (What You Want Me To Do)" but eventually the horns win. On the very next cut he uses the roller derby organ from 'Byrdmaniac' AND TOO MANY HORNS AGAIN and piano and guitar and bass and drum all at the same time and it's all so modulated even M.O.R. can deal with it. On and on it goes. There's really no reason to go on.

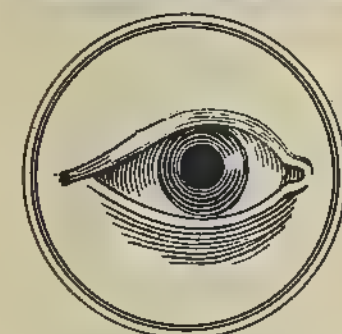
The Masked Marvel

LITTLE RICHARD KING OF ROCK AND ROLL (Reprise)

Well he is, yeah he is, sure he is. And the sonuvabitch knows it too and so do whatever Kinney gremlins promulgated this abortion. He even says it right on top of the deck: "Tell Creence-uh Clearwater tell Sly Stone 'e oughta leave ROCK'N'ROLL alone!" and furthermore "The beauty's still on duty!" and furthermore "SHUT UP!" Which is better than burbling about God's Bouquet and is what he shoulda said to H.B. Barnum of whoever suggested H.B. Barnum to him or whoever got him to sign with this company. Not that this company's just naturally bad, it's just that they're not a rock'n'roll cartel they're a bardic significance crypto-MOR cartel and they know it too which is why they're signing people like Donovan and Seals and Crofts and asserting with inflexible authority that it's Where They Belong and they're right but Little Richard doesn't belong to anything but the spirit of the juve time roar and he is timeless but he sounds old on this album and that's wrong.

If you don't believe me, the next time you're in a record shop set your Ronsen to this trash and turn and dig or demand an album that came out on Epic just this summer called 'Cast a Long Shadow.' It's a reissue of a couple of things recorded late in the Sixties, so it proves that Little Richard ain't no fodder for the old folks' home, because it has some of the best stuff he's ever done.

Lester Bangs.



CINEMA



NASTY FILM NITE Wednesday 8th March Electric Cinema Club

We didn't really believe it when we saw a long queue outside the Electric at 11 o'clock on a Wednesday night, and it was even more unbelievable to see a full house even before the Tom and Jerry's had finished. The rest of the programme consisted of various items of cinematic interest from vintage Busby Berkeley to cosmic Moon'69.

People seemed to treat Ernie Pintoff's collage 'Dynamite Chicken' as the main feature and those who left as soon as it finished missed

some good stuff

Anyway, thanks to Peter, Paul and Jeff of the Electric Cinema Club for staying up late, to Bradford and Gordian for advice and help and to Mrs Bradford for light refreshments. Also thanks to the following for films — Vaughn Films, Fair Enterprises, USP, Jilly Hobson and Phil Jenkinson, also Carolee Schneeman whose film 'Fuses' unfortunately couldn't be shown due to a technical hitch.

Finally thanks to all the Nasty Tales supporters and I hope you had a good time.

PS If there's any films you'd particularly like to see, write and tell me and I'll try to get 'em for the next one.

Mac.

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (dir. Cy Enfield)

George Lazenby, the James Bond who gave it all up, plays Ryker, a mercenary and arms dealer who joins his speeding fellow-in-arms Jesse in setting up a big arms deal for an African leader, Mbote—after getting into this trip again he is plagued by fear, doubts and conscience into giving it all up when he bumps into a stoned mute American hippy chick via Portobello Road and goes dissapearo from his buddy and walks

out on a deal like that.

The film could have come out as a very flash Kennedy Airport/007 type movie but instead comes out a little understated, bit too romantic really, but a lot of the characters, seem real enough.

Some humorous bits, like the 'hippy' (Kevin Duggan) being thoroughly searched (vaseline on the customs' man's finger, such luxury!) and then taking out his tab from his ring and swallowing it.

The film isn't complex, it has a flow to it that touches on lots of scenes like the theatre group putting across the message that if all people and governments took off their masks they would be unable to kill their 'enemies.' Could be true. It gets across that even if people like Ryker and Jesse blow it and give up for personal health reasons rather than humanitarian ones, some will always be willing to sell guns to the Indians.

The film is one of the first commercial films to be made in this country on a cooperative basis. The people who took part in the film were paid low wages, above union rates but low for the film industry, with a promise of proportionately more when the film made a profit. However the film ran over budget and the finance company forclosed, getting the film in forfeit. Which is how the distributors got it, they bought it from the finance company and are not obligated to pay the makers any more money.

UNIVERSAL SOLDIER (Cy Enfield)

This is possibly the worst film I've ever sat through, and it's too bad even to be funny. It could have filled an hour on the television screen, as a film it's embarrassing.

There is only one person in the film who could be called an actor—a guy called Benito Carruthers, the other actors all appear to be friends of the director. It's sad because the basic idea of a gun runner who gets sick and tired is fine—but what happens? Cliche after cliche.

Dreadful stilted dialogue. Whatever happened to the fun 'B' movies. I'd really looked forward to seeing this movie because I believed that Rhonan O'Reilly and George Lazenby were sincere and concerned people who genuinely abhorred violence. 'Universal Soldier' is enough to put people off the peace movement for life.

Joy and Jamie.

(Note: this was seen in a cinema—no dope but other bored people—good reviews ensured by sending your whisky to Jes).



books



MY CASE FOR WOMEN TO REVOLT—PATRIARCHAL ATTITUDES

Eva figes
40p Panther

Those mothafucka men have been passing down that patronising shit for centuries. From earliest Christianity (one of the worst bastions of male chauvinist piggery) through men who should have known better—like Rousseau (Liberty, Equality, Fraternity for all men—not women! They must be conditioned into slavery from birth so they grow to love their bonds).

You want some examples?

"A woman's education must therefore be planned in relation to man. To be pleasing in his sight, to win his respect and love, to train him in childhood and to tend him in manhood, to counsel and console, to make his life pleasant and happy, these are the duties of woman for all time and this is what she should be taught while she is young".....Rousseau

"God then formed Lilith, the first woman, just as he had formed Adam, except that he used filth and sediment instead of pure dust" ..R Reuben ben Hoske Cohen

"Man should be trained for war and women for the recreation of the warrior, all else is folly" . Nietzsche

"In an uncorrupted woman the sexual impulse does not manifest itself at all, but only love, and this love is the natural impulse of a woman to satisfy a man".... Fichte

Being full of quotes of horrific putdowns of women, this is very inflammatory stuff. I found myself wishing Rousseau were still alive so I could crush his balls slowly

Although Eva has every right to be hysterical and a raving man hater (she personally suffered from an m.c.p. who deserted her and her children, she remains incredibly cool, calm and rational throughout. It is very intelligent, well written and easy to read.

She urges us to attack the problems from all sides and does give some practical suggestions. The revolution will be painful anyway so why prolong it.

Get trucking!

Suzette Sorrell

IN DEFENCE OF SACRED MEASURES

This bombshell of a pamphlet is the first of its kind to appear in the British Isles for more than a hundred years. It's nameless author is well known in "underground" and "mystic" circles as a man of profound

sensitivity and clear spiritual insight, whose visions of the past have done much to clarify our understanding and application of New Age thought and life style.

His anonymity here is to enable the work to speak for itself, removed from the charisma that has come to surround his name. Couched in the cutting terminology of the old "mystic-revolutionaries", this pamphlet is a blistering attack upon the materialist minded morons who attempt to order our lives along the lines of regimental complacency. It effectively plants a stick of dynamite under the fat arse of modern rationalism and proceeds to blow it into pathetic pieces. "In Defence of Sacred Measures" is a brief analysis of the role played in human history by the once universal system of canonical measurement that orders the structure of the cosmos and ensures its harmonic function through the sacred inter-relation between geometry and proportion.

The writer utterly rejects the modern folly of the Metric System, explaining clearly how it is a product of purely human arrogance, designed arbitrarily to impose its stupidly authoritarian concept upon a profound spiritual truth. The pamphlet is written with a lucid incisiveness, yet contains all the passion of a man aware of a great wrong. It should be read by all "revolutionaries" and "mystics", for it puts merely human values into their sad and shoddy perspective.

Anthony Roberts.

(obtainable from "aware" bookshops or by direct mail from 26 Powis Terrace London W11 price 10p including postage and packing. Anti Metrication Board, that is.

THE ENVIRONMENTAL REVOLUTION

by Max Nicholson
60p Penguin Books

"As nature is man's ancestral home and nurse, and as landscape is his modern mirror, the achievement of a fresh recognition by mankind of the potential for the renewal and for the healing of a sick society through creative intimacy with the natural environment could bring a transformation of the kind of scale which our degenerate and self-disgusted, materialist, power drunk and sex crazed civilisation needs."

Mr. Nicholson is perhaps optimistic, but his book is great. In an immensely learned but still readable fashion he conducts a grand tour across the surface of the earth (I don't think he



FUCK ROCK

It's a love song - but the record companies won't touch it, the BBC won't play it and the shops won't sell it. They think the words are dirty.

BUY IT so we can finish the album.

Lucifer

Please send ___ copies of 'Fuck You' and ___ copies of the 'Fuck You' poster @ 50 pence each.

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(cash/p.o./cheque)

Name.....

Address.....

If you would prefer your record without the label, tick the box and we will try to arrange it. ☐

LUCIFER 93 MORTIMER STREET
LONDON W1N 7TA

fuck you

maudlin'

continued from page fourteen

The initial police inquiry also indicated that any prosecution would have to be instituted not merely against Hoffman but also against the directors of the company at the time of the fraudulent trading. The three principals of the British Board at that time were Lord Brentford, president of the Automobile Association, the Hon. Crispin Joynton Hicks, and the Rt Hon Reginald Maudling, M.P.

At this point, despite his earlier insistence on overseeing prosecutions involving big names or big money, Sir Norman became curiously unwilling to institute proceedings against the company and told the DTI he was leaving the matter entirely up to them. The DTI now decided they needed more evidence. The DPP also initiated more police enquiries.

All the information received has re-inforced the view that REFA and IIG solicited funds which they could not and would not repay. In other words they are guilty of fraudulent trading.

VERY INTERESTING

A strange aspect of the British enquiries into the Hoffman companies is that at no time have the police interviewed any one of the three principals on their British Board—Maudling, Brentford and Joynton-Hicks—despite the fact that hundreds of statements have been taken from even the most lowly staff. This is believed to be the first investigation in the history of fraud where the principals of the company concerned have not been interviewed.

Meanwhile, Mr. Maudling is finding it more and more difficult to shake off the action against him and others taken by investors in REFA, alleging a four million pound fraud. A judge in New York is currently trying to decide whether he can be sued for "making false and misleading statements to sell some ten million shares in the fund overseas."

"I WAS NEVER PRESIDENT"

Maudling's affidavit to the court states among other things "I explicitly deny that I was at any time President of the REFA of that I was in charge of its operation and control." This is most strange, especially since the court has in its possession one of Maudling's June 20, 1969 letters, to F.W. Schalthess of the Swiss Credit Bank, which begins, "It was a great pleasure to see you again in Copenhagen this week. I am writing to you now about a new mutual fund, the Rea Estate Fund of America, of which I have become President."

The affidavit also states that he never discussed REFA business in New York and that therefore the court had no jurisdiction over him. This appears to contradict an affidavit from Mr. Laing, a New York accountant, which states that at meetings in New York between Mr. Maudling and other directors in April 1969, the business of REFA was indeed discussed.

MAUDLING IN COURT

Mr. Medina, the lawyer for Mr. Maudling, also moved that the case against his client be dismissed on the grounds that "the mere fact that this case was impending was doing him a great deal of harm in Great Britain." It would be interesting to try this defence in an English court.

The US judge did not seem impressed by this novel defence nor by Maudling's contention that his resignation from REFA in July 1969 barred him from being sued in America. He has now ruled that Mr. Maudling must answer questions from the plaintiff's lawyers, before he finally decides whether he can be sued.

THE MYSTERY OF WHY HOFFMAN GAVE HIMSELF IN

This brings us up to date. The British police report will be ready in a few weeks and the Attorney-General Sir Peter Rawlinson has said in Parliament that the Director of Public Prosecutions will then have to take responsibility for the decision whether or not to prosecute.

Sir Norman is unlikely to find it difficult to avoid taking action. However, he may be helped by the fact that Jerome Hoffman has just started a two year prison sentence for cheating the mortgage holders before he started REFA. Sir Norman might well take the view that any prosecution of the British directors and former president of REFA would be pointless unless Hoffman were also charged. And since Hoffman cannot sensibly be charged while he is in a US prison, he may decide that no prosecution can be launched for some time. If this were the case, it would be even fortunate for Maudling that British police did not arrest Hoffman when they had the chance.

It would also be a stroke of luck for him and other former REFA directors that Hoffman ever left Israel, where he was safe with all the authorities. Safe with all the money he had swindled, and offered himself up to the authorities to plead guilty to the mortgage charges. It would be all the more lucky that Hoffman was jailed, since he only gave himself in because he had good reason to believe he would get a suspended sentence. Hoffman is now talking bitterly of a double-cross. One former REFA director is ex-New York Mayor Wagner who still has some influence with the law courts.

So far, the British press has kept surprisingly quiet about this affair, but for how much longer? And when the story does break, what future will there be for a man responsible for law-and-order who breaks the law?

JUST SO YOU KNOW

This issue was put together with the help of: Paul Lewis—News; J. Edward Barker, Mick Farren and Penny Smith—Visuals and Dynamic Suss, Caroline MacKechie—Typesetting and you name it; Jas Cox—Distribution and Paranoia; Jane Day—Advertising?; Joy Farren—House Mother and Mystic Stuff; M J McDonnell—Events, plus Ace, Shark, Sammy the Seal, John, Bo, Sparkie, Gordian, Michael J, Harry the Hammer and the Boy from Uranus and of course, Brenda.

SEA

affect the financial interests of the giant industrial corporation. The Mersey River Authority's annual report said: "If a clean Mersey estuary is wanted, the public must be prepared to meet the cost, either directly in the form of increased rates or indirectly through increased prices for manufactured goods following expenditure by the private sector, on the treatment of trade effluents."

No talk of pollution being combated using increased profits already being grossed by the industries on the banks of the Mersey. But there is no shortage of talk about the problem of pollution, the state of the estuary is being talked about by the local authorities and industry together, the disposal of sludge in Liverpool Bay is being talked about, environmental pollution in the British Isles is being talked about.

No-one is ever blamed. The river authority talks in its report about the need for more power to use against those who pollute the river.

In his report on the state of the estuary Mr. A. D. Buckley,

BOOKS

mentions the word Biosphere once, how's that for class), describing the various changes and effects that man has produced upon the environment. These of course widely varied from the awesome messiness of 19th century industrialisation to the more ordered and pleasant patterns of farmland in Great Britain and Western Europe.

Max Nicholson is probably best described as an international conservationist, and his scientific roots extend through the fields of ornithology, botany, zoology, etc.

etc. For the party interested in ecology, in understanding the complex web of natural and manmade forces that shape our environment, this book is bound to be a standard text. The overall spread of the information that Mr. Nicholson calls upon to flesh out his ideas is so wide and so comprehensive that I find it hard to imagine that anyone will be able to better this performance, for a long time. Fully fledged ecologists are few and far between and to find one of them who writes in English is an even rarer find.

Chris Rowley.

WIOSAM

Said Howell, "Zappa was treating the audience like dirt. They didn't give value for the bread that we laid out, I did it because my girl friend said she loved Frank."

Quicksilver Slow but Surely
After five years, Quicksilver Messenger

Service are finally making it over here in April for a series of college dates at Liverpool, High Wycombe, Walthamstow, Trentham Gardens, (Stoke), Exeter, Surrey University (Guildford), Brighton, Bickershaw Festival, Manchester, Southampton and Colchester (Essex University).

SEA

chief water quality officer, said that an order passed by the Secretary of State for the Environment would strengthen the authority's powers enormously (at the moment these are restricted to discharges into the river begun after 1960—most of the worst discharges began before 1960).

But speaking to the Free Press Mr. Buckley said the authority hadn't asked the minister to make an Order giving it extra powers, because they were "still seeking extra information." In his report Mr. Buckley estimates it will take ten years to win the fight

against pollution, if the fight ever gets off the ground. Top-ranking Liverpool Corporation officers concerned with the state of the Mersey are honest when asked about the start of that fight.

"It won't start before 1974, after the re-organisation of local government, because spending the money now is a highly-charged political decision; the money can be spent on projects more likely to catch votes, and the responsibility for the river can be put on the larger authorities that take over in 1974."

Ten years after makes 1984. An appropriate date.





COMPOST

Any city yard can support a garden, so if you plan to have one you should start on YOUR compost pile now. Better late than never. Approximately 1/3 to 1/2 of the garbage from homes are things — that CAN be put into compost. Organic things or basically things that have been alive, such as egg shells, tea leaves, coffee grounds, table scraps, anything edible except for plastic foods can be used.

Dig a shallow pit in your yard to dump these wastes in. Keep a compost pail in your kitchen (under the kitchen sink is a handy place) then empty the full pail into the pit every couple of days. Turn the compost once in a while and add some lime occasionally to help break it down. Some claim that a lot of citrus fruit peels make the compost acidic but the lime should balance it.

Turn your garbage into delicious organically grown vegetables.

PAPER GARBAGE

Try and use as little paper as possible, especially when you can use something that is re-useable instead. Paper plates and cups, towels, serviettes, etc are examples of unnecessary waste of our friends the trees. The only garbage that can't be recycled is plastic. If possible, try to cut down on plastic.

GLASS

All glass jars, containers and bottles can be taken to the recycling depot. Glass jars can be used at home for storing things in refrigerator containers & used for some canning when a paraffin seal can be used.

If you don't have a yard of your own, you can collect compost material for a friend with a garden. Part of it can be used for your houseplants. Coffee grounds are a good mulching for houseplants.

Recycling your garbage does not take much — time and can be organized quite efficiently by having boxes and bags to store the things to be recycled until they can be taken to the depot. Make sure everyone in your house knows where the different types of garbage go.

What each person does for the ecology of the planet is important. You can't be concerned about it if you don't do something about it in the area open to you. Cleaning up your garbage situation is a good start.



Classified advertisements in IT cost 5p per word (individuals) or 10p per word (company). Box numbers 50p extra. Ads for pads are free. Send your ad with cheque/postal order made out to 'Bloom (Publications) Ltd—to Joy, IT, 11a Berwick Street, London W1A 4PF to reach us not later than 8 days before date of publication.

PADS

PLEASE, please, someone must have a pad in Ladbroke Grove area with a spare room or two—or maybe know of one? IT staff member's got to get somewhere soon 'cos of eviction. Can be fairly cheap and get sunshine. Call Jane if you know of/ find anywhere and I like animals.

YOUNG GUY, freak, bisexual, seeks similar young guy/chick to share relationship of trust and love in a beautiful modernised rent-free cottage in West Wales. No strings. BOX 126/1

ONE GENTLE minded chick with good vibrations who wants to share a rent free pad with two guys who have no hang-ups should write to Dave, 89 Lucien Road, London SW17

HOUSE IN small village on Scott's East coast (Fife 1/2 hour from Edinburgh), smoking room, 2 bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen, piano, 2 kittens, stereo, beach. Exchange for a couple of months for similar London pad. Kittens, beach and one of the bedrooms not essential. Write David Beilie, 22 Nethergate, Kinghorn, Fife, Scotland (Goodie of the week!!)

CHICK and year old daughter urgently require 2 room furnished pad in cool house, N4 or N8 area. Ring 263 0107 Barbarella.

TWO GIRLS and one male wanted to share/seek flat in any area of London. Write, giving details to Fred Marco, c/o Queensway, 179 Sussex Gardens, Paddington, W2

44 YEAR OLD divorced guy seeks gal to share furnished flat in East Midlands, willing to share expenses. Age group 25–35. Photo please to BOX 126/2

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NEW DWARF GROUPS

are getting together in the following places. Plymouth, c/o Brian Colling, Community Workshop, 14-17 Manor Street, Stonehouse, Plymouth, Devon Godalming, c/o Ray Taylor, 13 Springfield, Elstead, Godalming, Surrey, Oxford, c/o Peter Cooke, 99 Woodstock Road, Oxford, Hampstead, c/o Chris Bell, 40 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. (435 0413) Aberdeen c/o Dave Rothnie, 58 Hazlehead Gdns, AB1 8EA.

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JOBS

Reliable students and young people needed for part-time cleaning work. C.A.F. 437 4651

GIRLS WANTED for modelling jobs. Standard pay and free composites. Ring 353 9510 for interview (except Monday).

AMERICAN GUY, 19, coming over here in summer, will need a job. Trained in film and theatre work and worked in the States as a roadie. P.A. Would like to do anything on these lines. John Yates, PO Box 2540, Montgomery Alabama 36105 USA

GAY MALE (24) seeks position as housekeeper/companion. Contact Pete Smart, 2 Cowley Bridge Road, Exeter, Devon

SUMMER JOBS USA Driving licence a must. SAE to Ataeq 24 East Street, Rochdale

MALE, 26, almost completely gay, on the point of dropping out or going into rock, music professionally, seeks good friend, or either sex, preferably same age, or younger especially someone musical. BOX 126/3

WORK with young groovy people. Good bread: come to 142 Larkhall Lane SW8 1 45 pm - 2 15 pm.

PINK PEACE poetry magazine. Spring issue available. Send 24p to Editor, 1 Darby Road, Folkestone, Kent

PERSONAL

URGENT 3 tickets for Beefheart on 27th wanted, 485 2978

CLEAR LIGHT lightshow is now at 529 5195 the best lightshow in town

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CHILDREN'S FREE Tutor Groups are now running as an alternative to Secondary School. The South London group so far includes children from an area including Earls Court, West Kensington, Putney, Wandsworth, Camberwell, Sydenham interested Children, Parents, and Tutors from these and other areas please contact: Tutorscheme, 01 874 5212

TONY WALDEN of Paddington (28th Mar 1970) and Sacha please contact Mr Ring 373 1699 ask for basement

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STONEMASON builds gay coloured blocks weekends. Contact Michael, 642 5835

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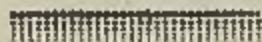
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